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The Shape of Things

THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EASTERN WAR remains grave, with the Japanese retaining the initiative everywhere except in China. There they have suffered a striking defeat which they have endeavored to minimize by reporting withdrawal from Changsha after "having accomplished our objectives." Actually it seems that they never succeeded in entering the city but were forced to beat a hasty retreat from the suburbs when the Chinese counter-attacked. Chiang Kai-shek's forces have followed up this victory with harassing movements against Canton and other important centers held by the invaders, and reports from Chungking speak of plans for a general offensive in China which, should it prove practicable at this time, might have very important effects in relieving pressure on other fronts. Meanwhile, however, the Japanese offensive in the western Pacific is developing with increasing power. In Luzon General MacArthur's small army is holding out against heavy odds. Its battle is in the nature of a forlorn hope, but it is immobilizing a considerable enemy force and inflicting heavy losses on it. Moreover, Manila Bay remains useless to the Japanese so long as our flag flies from Corregidor. By their capture of Davao at the southern end of Mindanao the Japanese secured an air and naval base which they are now using for attacks against Dutch Borneo and Celebes. Landings have been made at several points on these islands, and the oil center of Tarakan has been captured, but only after the destruction of its wells and installations. Oil, however, is only one objective of this new Japanese invasion; a more important consideration, probably, is to secure bases from which the sea routes connecting Australia with Java and Singapore can be attacked. Such moves are dangerous to us, but they are also risky for the Japanese, who with the wide dispersal of their forces have greatly lengthened their lines of communication.

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SHOULD SINGAPORE FALL, JAPAN'S PROBLEM of communications would be greatly simplified, and we should be faced with immense difficulties in staging any kind of counter-offensive. The loss of the great British base would not mean the loss of the war, but it could mean that victory would be postponed for several years.

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That is why the reinforcement of Singapore has become a strategic necessity. By the capture of Kuala Lumpur, the second city of Malaya, the Japanese have advanced a long way toward their objective. In numbers, in equipment, and apparently in tactics they have a marked superiority over the imperial defenders. Even so their rate of progress suggests serious mistakes on the part of the British command. Could not the island of Penang have been turned into a Tobruk? And if its evacuation was necessary, could not steps have been taken to destroy the small vessels there which the Japanese have since found so handy for landing troops behind British lines? And could not more have been done to check these coastal expeditions, especially as the Japanese have no naval forces in the Straits of Malacca? A great deal of ground has been lost in Malaya, and a great deal of material, but there are some indications of an improvement in the situation. As they withdraw toward the narrower southern end of the peninsula, the British have a shorter front to cover and shorter lines of supply. They appear to have received air reinforcements and are now able to attack Japanese airfields and other objectives more aggressively. At the same time the R. A. F. and the American volunteers in Burma have successfully beaten off a number of raids and have begun to blast enemy-held bases in Thailand. This may presage a land invasion of that Asiatic Rumania by combined British Indian and Chinese forces which could force the Japanese to retreat from Malaya even more rapidly than they have advanced.

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WE MUST NOT ALLOW ANXIETY ABOUT THE Far East to distort our perspective on the war as a whole. Russia's recent successes, which have been a tonic to all the United Nations, might not have been possible if British troops and American supplies had been diverted to the Far East before Japan struck. Defending British policy, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Minister of Air, asserted that the concentration of resources on the Russian and African fronts had brought results commensurate with the risks involved and stressed the assistance given to the Soviets by R. A. F. activities that "compelled the German air force to keep more than half its fighter squadrons stretched along the coast from Norway to France." As a result, the Russians were able to regain that ascendancy in the air which proved invaluable in turning back the Nazis. Their counter-offensive now seems to be gaining momentum all along the line. On the central front the Russian wedges driven into the German lines are being steadily enlarged, and the relief of Sevastopol and the development of the campaign for recapture of the Crimea are endangering the whole Nazi position in the eastern Ukraine. In the far north a new counter-offensive is pressing the Germans and Finns back from the neighborhood of Murmansk. Finnish war weariness is evidently growing rapidly as doubts about the effectiveness of German aid increase and the food position grows more and more desperate. The Social Democratic Party is openly talking about stopping the war, although the latest official pronouncement from Helsinki continues to demand not merely the territories lost in 1940 but "favorable strategic frontiers." There are signs that an early opportunity may be afforded for wise Soviet diplomacy to harvest the gains of Russian arms.

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LAST WEEK WE PRINTED AN ARTICLE BY Heinz Pol on Hitler's Restless Reich. The theme of the piece was the growing preoccupation of certain German industrial and military circles with the happy thought of liquidating their Führer in order to obtain a compromise peace. Since then scarcely a day has passed without some additional rumor of unrest in Germany, and even before Mr. Pol's article reached our readers a representative of one of the United Nations had filed with the American War Department a detailed report of disease, hunger, and dissension in the German forces. One need not be a Pollyanna to believe that the successive losses of the Battle of England, the Battle of the Atlantic, the Battle of Russia, and the Battle of Libya have jolted the *Herrenvolk,* but the over-all situation of the Axis forces is still so favorable and their reserves in men and material so formidable that it would be dangerous foolishness to dream of victory before we have begun to fight. Without minimizing the importance of such unrest as there appears to be in Germany, we suspect that Dr. Goebbels, making the best of a major Nazi defeat, is not averse to having it bruited about that the great Aryan barrier to Bolshevism is beginning to give way and all Europe is in danger. This is the stuff appeasement is made of. Certainly one is warranted in sniffing dubiously when Goebbels lends substance to rumors of revolt by rousing foreign correspondents from their beds to hear the official denial. In evaluating reports of the feverish fortifying of Germany's eastern boundary and of machine-gun nests on the roofs of Berlin it is well to note that pro-Nazi propaganda here and elsewhere is sounding the theme that only a compromise peace can save Europe from red revolution.

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ADMIRAL MUSELIER CONTINUES TO SHOW A lack of consideration for the American State Department, and its delicate affair with Vichy, that warms the cockles of our heart. On January 9 it was reported confidently from Washington that "Free French leaders will withdraw their forces from the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon soon and announce their adherence to the twenty-six-power pact. . . . The chief problem now is getting [the Free French] off the islands with the least embarrassment to all concerned. . . ." This formula was obviously designed, not to make sense, even as English

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composition, but only to save the faces of the gentlemen in the State Department. On January 10, Admiral Muselier, refusing to take the hint, issued a statement in which he said:

> I am not looking for any opportunity to withdraw from this position under circumstances that will save us from embarrassment. . . . If the Free French naval forces should be driven out, then I suggest that the Normandie be sent here to take off the civilian anti-Vichyites. No smaller vessel would be sufficient. . . . But the embarrassment in that case . . . would belong properly to those who say they are fighting for democracy elsewhere, but who have placed themselves indelibly on record here as against it.

The Admiral's lèse majesté, coupled with a rising volume of protests at home, appears to have unmanned the State Department completely. In a statement that recalls nothing so much as the verbal jiu-jitsu of pre-war Tokyo Secretary Hull asserts that the department's phrase "so-called Free French ships" was not intended as a slur at all; the "so-called" referred to the ships and not to the Free French. Unless it turns out that the Admiral and his crew approached the islands on surf boards, this quaint explanation will save very little face; and that is as it should be.

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THE PRICE-CONTROL BILL WHICH FINALLY passed the Senate turned out to be worse than the highly unsatisfactory House version. Although some improvements were made, such as the substitution of one-man control for a five-man board and the setting up of a licensing system, the last-minute amendments forced through by the farm bloc killed any hope of effectively regulating the prices of agricultural commodities. The Senate not only voted to give Secretary Wickard veto power over any ceilings on farm crops but wrote a new definition of "parity" which would prevent any curb on farm prices until they have risen approximately 25 per cent above their present level. In actuality this would prevent any type of price control, since industrial prices cannot be restricted if the prices of food and agricultural raw materials are unrestricted. And since any compensatory rise in industrial prices permits a further increase in farm prices under the "parity" concept, there is no point at which the vicious spiral of inflation can be checked. It is probable that the Senate-House conference committee will seek to revise the bill so as to make it of some value, but with the farm bloc in control in both houses, there seems little chance of salvaging real price control. Barring a political miracle, the door to inflation will be left wide open. In the last war we suffered from inflation because we had not yet learned the technique of controlling our fiscal system. Today that knowledge is available, but a powerful minority stands in the way of our making use of it.

OPTIMISTIC REPORTS ON THE CONVERSION of the automobile industry to war purposes continue to fill the columns of the daily press, but actual progress is somewhat disappointing. The ten-man committee set up last week by the automobile-industry conference was quickly scrapped because the employers objected to giving labor any managerial authority. It has been replaced by a seven-man committee, including three labor representatives, which is to be mainly advisory. Although the industry has accepted all-out conversion "in principle," it continues to oppose the Reuther plan on the ground that it would place labor in a position of "control." This attitude has been reflected by conservative papers throughout the country. *Barron's* admits that the union leaders believe that they are acting in the best interests of the nation, but declares that "their proposals, if successful, *could* substitute union management of that huge industry for its present form of management." This is a surprisingly frank confession of lack of faith in the present system from one of the country's leading financial journals. For such a development would only be possible if management failed utterly in carrying out the conversion program. Admittedly management has lacked and still lacks vision regarding the necessity for an all-out effort, but, given the will, one cannot doubt its ability.

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IN THE YEAR THAT PRECEDED OUR ENTRY into the war the issue of "intervention" versus "isolation" cut across all party lines, produced bedfellow combinations painful to recall, and in general tended to blur political distinctions of the first importance. During those days the Union for Democratic Action, limited in resources and membership, struggled to keep before American progressives the demands of a two-front fight: for all aid to the forces combating fascism abroad and for the extension of democracy at home. Many honest liberals felt that the approach was too complex, that the crying need was to rouse the country to the dangers that faced it from across the seas, and that only a front that ranged leftward from Carter Glass could serve the purpose. What the straight interventionist committees were unable to accomplish in a year was done in an afternoon by a few hundred gentlemen of Japan. The committees have not dissolved, but it was natural that with the turn in events their more liberal members should turn to the Union for Democratic Action as the logical instrument for their political purposes. As a result of two full-day conferences, the U. D. A. has now expanded into what promises soon to be a mass organization "left of center." It is no disparagement of the Administration to point out the necessity of concerted pressure from this direction. The U. D. A. may well serve as the democratic conscience of a country at war and the inspiration of the peace to come.

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Political War in Rio

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

AN INTERNATIONAL conference is a time-honored device for concealing international realities. There the lowest common denominator reigns supreme, and courage and clarity seem a form of indecent exposure. There the diplomatic confidence-man faces stiff competition in the old game of deceiving the innocent and trapping the unwary.

This week at Rio the Foreign Ministers of all the American republics meet to discuss problems arising out of the state of war between the United States and the Axis. Seated together in the elegant Palacio Itamarati will be a group of delegates representing dictatorships and democracies, powerful states and virtual colonies, governments that support the Allied nations and governments that expect or hope for an Axis victory. The men themselves will vary as widely as the governments they represent. Members of Hitler's fifth column in America will face outspoken anti-fascists. And every delegate will of necessity adopt the diplomatic pretense that his fellows are all good democrats, devoted to the cause of pan-American unity. On this basis the game will begin.

How it will end can safely be predicted. It will end in a compromise dressed up in the language of hemispheric solidarity and defense. The United States will emerge from the conference without either the material or the moral backing of several important South American states. The recalcitrance of the Argentine government, elaborated by its Foreign Minister, Dr. Ruiz Guiñazú, in terms of "neutrality" and a deep devotion to the convention of Havana, will be indorsed by at least two nations under Argentine influence. This bloc will be opposed by the United States and its neighboring satellites, together with Uruguay and some of the other smaller republics. Brazil, tied to the United States both by tradition and heavy economic bonds, but drawn toward the Axis by the fascist sympathies of many of its officials as well as by its desire to play safe in case of a Nazi victory, may well act as "moderator." Its delegates will probably be charged with the responsibility of discovering the happy formula which will at once bridge differences, conceal truths, save faces, and present to the world an appearance of unanimity.

The United States will get a formula of unity. But it will not get unity.

It will not get unity because no sound basis for unity exists. Effective unity, rooted in a common democratic attitude, has been impaired by our curious diplomatic strategy of supporting our enemies and alienating our friends. Several governments in Latin America either expect or desire an Axis victory and have no wish to throw in their fortunes with the anti-Axis powers. The test of the sincerity of those governments is their willingness to end their relations with the Axis—in fact as well as formally. Hitler doesn't expect the Argentine to declare war on the United States. All he asks of any Latin American state is neutrality.

The United States has one strong card to play—its huge economic power. Undoubtedly Mr. Welles hopes to buy with American dollars what he cannot win by other means. The Latin American countries are acutely in need of markets. We need the raw materials they can no longer sell in Europe; and we need other resources which can be developed in the Americas and which we can no longer get from the East—rubber, above all; quinine, kapok, tin, and many other indispensable minerals. On the solid basis of mutual advantage we have much to offer the Latin American countries, including the Argentine. It is assumed by our policy-makers in Washington that even governments with pro-Axis leanings will hesitate to antagonize the one great remaining market for their surplus goods. This assumption is the one that has lain at the heart of our whole disastrous policy of appeasement. It has been proved wrong over and over. Today a war is being waged on issues that brutally cut across the simple concepts of old-fashioned imperialist diplomacy. Today national policies are determined by political and ideological alignments even more than by economic advantages. A man like Acting President Castillo of the Argentine plots his politics not along the curve of his country's economic interests, which are undoubtedly tied up with the United States and Great Britain, but along the line of his own-pro-fascist inclinations.

Mr. Welles may bring home an excellent trade agreement, and our war program may be strengthened by the resources of the Latin American countries. But in the end democracy and the security of the Western Hemisphere will be advanced very little if they depend upon purchases of wheat and wool from nations governed by pro-Axis reactionaries. In the hour of decision it will be the political aims and sympathies of those governments that count. Our generous contributions of oil and iron did not prevent Japan from striking when the chosen day came. And our continued support of Franco has not dissuaded his agents in America from working for a Nazi world order. Feeding American dollars to fascist politicians has never yet turned them into democrats.

The economic power of the United States is a good card, but we have played it stupidly according to rules that have become meaningless in the course of the fascist struggle for power. The other day the New York *Times*, discussing the difficulties facing Mr. Welles at Rio, remarked virtuously: "The United States has no desire to coerce Argentina. We can only hope that her people will come to see that their own best interests . . . lie in willing cooperation with the anti-Axis powers." In those words

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lurk almost all the futile, vacuous, idiotic fallacies that have brought the democratic nations to their present desperate crisis. The Argentine government is not "Argentina." The people are already overwhelmingly "with the anti-Axis powers." They are living under a state of siege declared by a pro-Axis Acting President and are not permitted to express their opinions or demonstrate their feelings. Their government meanwhile follows a policy designed to preserve the fiction of inter-American unity while refusing all genuine collaboration. Is this government not to be "coerced"? A war is being waged —a political as well as a military war—and its front is in every country where Nazi agents and pro-Nazi officials plot against democratic victory. Are we to go on forever using our economic power to hold in office men and interests that are fighting on the other side, hoping that somehow, sometime, in defiance of all experience, we can buy them into our camp? Today we fight for the freedom of the world, and in this fight we find our battle lines drawn in strange places and new weapons in our hands. Even a pro-Axis dictatorship could not long survive if the price of its policy were the loss of its North American markets. Mr. Welles goes to Brazil armed with some of the most important weapons in the arsenal of political warfare. If he hesitates to use them he, and democracy itself, will face defeat.

A Job for the Guild

WE HOPE the American Newspaper Guild will investigate the report that pressure from certain Administration officials recently forced Robert S. Allen and Drew Pearson to withdraw from publication a "Merry-Go-Round" column critical of the navy. We think it important for a group of newspapermen to find out whether there was any material in that column properly subject to criticism as military-naval information valuable to the enemy. In this category we do not include information on the long and hilarious week-ends spent by some high naval officers. We think it important to learn how these officials obtained advance copies of the column, and what methods were used to force Allen and Pearson to withdraw it. Their independence of mind is sufficiently well known to warrant the inference that the means used must have been of no gentle character. Was a threat made to withdraw their White House correspondents' privileges? What part was played in this affair by Stephen Early, the President's secretary in charge of press relations? Was he approached by naval officials to do the job? Did he consult with Mr. Roosevelt before he had Allen and Pearson "on the carpet"?

Inquiries made by *The Nation* cast doubt on the version of the story being spread by Early, and we think the whole affair ought to be brought into the open. There is no need to argue the case for a limited censorship in war time. It is freely admitted. It is equally necessary to recognize the inevitable bureaucratic tendency to use the excuse of "military secrets" to suppress criticism of officials in office and to suppress facts which would provoke criticism. It is not always easy to determine whether publication of a given fact would be more useful to the enemy than to ourselves by enabling us to get rid of incompetents and to correct dangerous defects. The doubt is best resolved in favor of publicity. A free press is never more necessary than in war time when a country's safety depends on the efficiency of its government; and newspapermen, who hold their trusteeship from a free people, must jealously guard their privileges.

We understand that the American Newspaper Guild in a letter to the President has suggested the setting up of a kind of "industry committee" before which cases like that of Pearson and Allen may be aired. We add only the suggestion that a committee of this kind should represent working newspapermen and women rather than their publishers, many of whom are "newspapermen" only in the sense that they happen to have enough money to own a newspaper. And we suggest that left and liberal opinion be well represented on that committee. The fact that the Administration has picked an Associated Press executive as censor is not encouraging, for the Associated Press has been only too willing to exercise upon itself a voluntary censorship in peace time in behalf of the vested interests of our society. If the standards of the censorship are to be those of the A. P., we shall not have a very free press. The choice of censor makes it all the more important to set up a committee that can speak for newspapermen against the brass hats of the profession as well as those of army and navy.

The War Budget

THE response given to President Roosevelt's budget message has been almost entirely favorable. Newspaper editorial writers and Congressmen who begrudged the spending of a billion or two to prevent starvation or to rehabilitate the unemployed have accepted the outlay of $53,000,000,000 for the war effort during the next fiscal year without question. This, of course, is highly encouraging. It would be impossible to mobilize our full resources against the Axis if Congress were to wrangle over every dollar spent as it has so frequently done in the past. We cannot allow the outworn concepts of orthodox finance to obstruct a truly "all-out" effort.

But though the unanimity of opinion on this point is heartening, there is a less encouraging aspect of the situation. Real danger exists that the staggering sums mentioned by the President and the urgency of the need may result in our adopting unsound fiscal policies which would normally be rejected. While it is true that the

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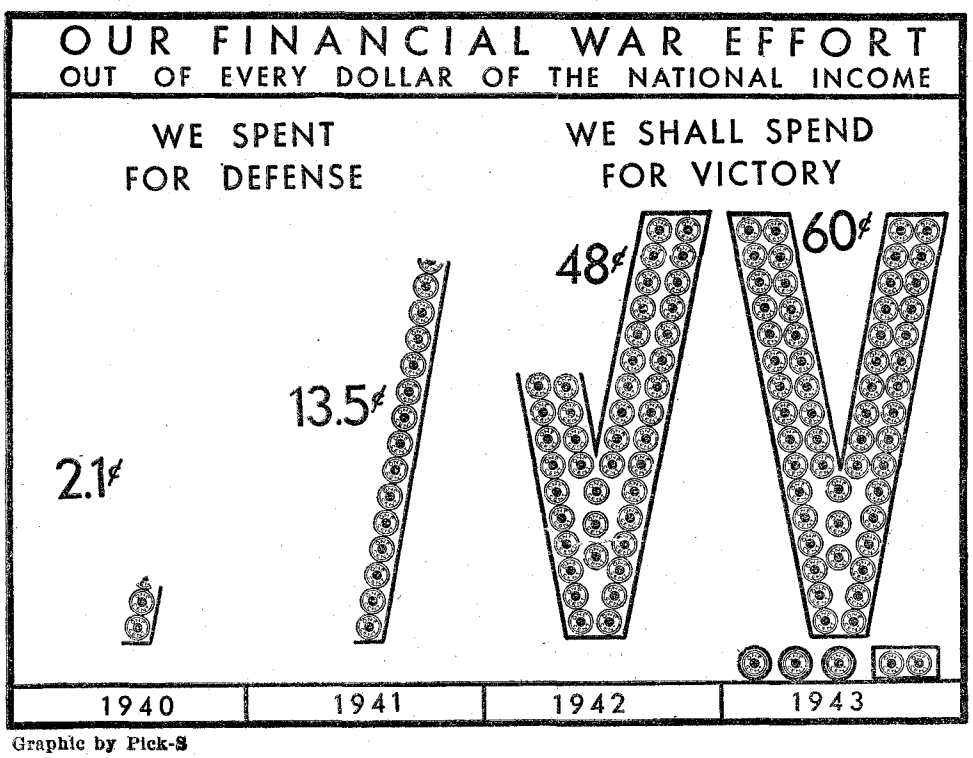
money for the war effort must be found regardless of sacrifices, it does not follow that it makes no difference how the money is obtained. On the contrary, the policies adopted for financing our $59,000,000,000 budget for 1942-43 are of far more crucial importance than the methods used for financing our "normal" pre-war budgets of approximately $13,000,000,000. The decisions which are made in the next few weeks with regard to our war-time fiscal policy will determine, to a large extent, the type of our post-war society.

In this connection the President's message is not wholly reassuring, while the reports of preliminary discussions in Congress are alarming. We will concede that the President's request for $9,000,000,000 in new taxation is about all that may reasonably be expected of Congress. It is not, however, enough. The estimated increase of $35,000,000,000 in our national debt during the 1943 fiscal year is bound not only to lead to serious fiscal disarrangements but to place a disproportionate share of the war burden on the low-income groups. If money can be borrowed, it can be obtained in taxation. And the Administration's decision to borrow the bulk of the money required for the war effort reflects a different attitude toward capital from that shown toward manpower in the Selective Service Act. Capital is to be enticed into patriotism; men are given no choice. This applies, of course, only to sums borrowed from individuals and private institutions. The bulk of the money will probably be borrowed from banks and will represent an inflationary expansion of credit. Inflation may be regarded as a concealed form of taxation, but it is of a type which falls chiefly on the wage-and-salary-earning portion of the population.

No decisions have as yet been reached as to how the $9,000,000,000 in new taxes is to be raised. But the President indicated that $2,000,000,000 might be obtained by increased social-security taxes. This represents a complete reversal of the Administration's previous tax policy. The social-security taxes are highly regressive. They fall almost entirely on wage-earners and only on the first $3,000 in personal income. Such a tax would inevitably curtail the living standards of the lowest-income groups without materially affecting the moderately well-to-do.

The Treasury Department would offset this tax on the poor by raising most of the remaining $7,000,000,000 from the well-to-do by increases in the income, estate, corporation-excess-profits, and "selective excise" levies. But Senator George, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and other Congressional leaders have gone on record as opposing any strengthening of the present flabby excess-profits tax. Sentiment for a general sales tax—which again places the burden squarely on the lower-income groups—seems stronger than ever before. The President reiterated his opposition to a general sales tax, but he largely nullified the effectiveness of his stand by suggesting that it might be necessary to reopen the question later. His indorsement of "selective excise" taxes is also being quoted in support of the principle of the sales tax. Such an interpretation is, of course, wholly unjustified. An excise tax on luxuries and semi-luxuries tends to fall on high rather than low-income groups, and is particularly useful in war time for reducing consumer demand for non-essentials.

Taken as a whole, the President's program is realistic and deserves support. Its shortcomings are minor in comparison to the positive dangers in the reactionary program being shaped in Congress. We cannot, of course, expect Congress to be any more enlightened in its fiscal policies in time of war than in time of peace. Nor can we expect any relaxation in the activities of pressure groups and business lobbies. This places a heavy responsibility on progressive citizens throughout the country. Although their efforts must be concentrated on winning the war, they should not allow the magnitude of that task to divert their attention from basic social policies at a time when far-reaching decisions are being made. Vigilance was never more necessary.



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On Industry's Battle Front

BY I. F. STONE

Detroit, January 11

THE fate of the world will be decided in America's factories, and I am on a bird's-eye-view tour of the industrial battlefield. My ears are full of the din: hammers two stories high beating like giant steel tom-toms in the grimy forges of Detroit; small machine-shop owners in Racine complaining that they cannot get war orders; union organizers in Chicago with fiercely accusing figures on idle equipment which might be turning out guns; a small automobile manufacturer in South Bend resentful of the suggestion that labor help share the war responsibilities of management; all the clang and uproar of a nation's smithy reorganizing to beat plowshares into swords.

Before I took the late night plane Wednesday in Washington for Detroit, I had heard the stupendous figures set by the President for this and next year's war output. And sitting with other newspapermen outside the room at the OPM where eager automobile unionists and reluctant executives argued about the industry's conversion to war production, I had heard angry voices and pleading voices trickle through the ventilator. There were no open covenants openly arrived at in the automobile-conversion conference. We waited until 9 p.m. for the meager and carefully worded announcement that ended the meeting, and it was to see for myself the problems of conversion that I left Washington.

Over the Alleghanies snow was falling, and the plane rocked like a ship in an angry sea. Later the skies cleared, and we could look down and see ice floes like gray clouds in the black waters of Lake Erie. It was 6 degrees below zero on the airport thermometer at 3 a.m. in Detroit, but I found rising temperatures that day at the famous West Side local of the U. A. W.–C. I. O. Nobody knew quite what the final formula adopted at the automobile conference meant, but everyone agreed that it was a long way from joint labor-management-government pooling of the automobile industry. A joint committee was to "assist in the development of the best method for the utilization of labor, tools, machinery facilities, etc., for the most expeditious conversion of the automobile industry for the production of war materials." This vaguely outlined task, only a shade better than advisory, was itself to be "subject to the determination of the Office of Production Management," and this in turn meant William S. Knudsen, General Motors' Greek gift to the defense program.

The mood of the automobile workers is, nevertheless, far from one of discouragement. They are tough and tenacious, and accustomed to scaling citadels by toeholds. The men who made Detroit a union town are confident that they can make the automotive industry an industrial democracy for "the duration." The men who fought their way to the kingships at the top are worried, and—from what I gathered in their offices—came to Washington under the impression that they would not even have to sit down in the same room with a labor committee to discuss conversion. Their glum silence at the one big joint meeting held in Washington was broken only by the revealing plea of C. E. Wilson, president of General Motors, for new tax and contract privileges. I have no doubt that in the long run labor not only can win a place on the industry's board of directors but can prove the value of its advice to the magnates themselves, as the unions have already proved that collective bargaining increases efficiency. The danger lies in the time that may be lost if the President permits the industry to wage a long rear-guard action against the pooling of its machines for war and against their conversion under joint labor-management-government auspices. Not to act soon is to permit 60,000 planes and 45,000 tanks this year to remain a White House daydream.

As I write this in my hotel room, a call from New York brings word that Cyrus Ching has been named chairman of the committee to "assist in the developing," etc., of the automobile industry. The choice seems a good one, for the rubber-company executive is well regarded by both the companies and the union leaders in the industry. He made a good impression on labor during his service on the Mediation Board, and to judge from an "off the record" conversation with an automobile manufacturer yesterday, Ching's name seems to have been submitted to both sides in advance and accepted by them. Under the Selective Service Act the President has power to place compulsory orders and to commandeer idle machines. If he delegates these powers to the committee, there is hope of quick and adequate action. If he delays, there will be more Manilas.

No one can spend a few days talking with the men who manage and the men who work in automotives without seeing how easy, in many ways, and how necessary, in every way, is the task before Ching's joint committee. The industry is already a great cluster of parts factories and assembly plants around the rim of the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Milwaukee. Its normal method of procedure is precisely that applied by Beaver-

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brook in Britain and suggested here by Reuther for the making of planes and tanks. The blueprint of the automobile is broken down into a multitude of parts, and these are farmed out every season among thousands of subcontractors. The rivulets of parts merge into a mighty flood on the assembly lines of the big companies and the small. From a production point of view, the automotive industry, behind its many-sided corporate façade, is one great integrated machine for the making of automobiles. Pooling and farming out are normal processes of the industry which it is proposed to apply on a new level to arms production.

The farther one gets from the industry's dollar-a-year men in Washington and the closer one gets to the production men and the tool engineers in the factories the more one's respect grows for the men who built the business. An auto-factory machine shop, with its overhead drives, its interlaced belts, its rows of strangely gnarled machines, is a grimy enchanted forest in which one is amazed at the miracle of mass production. But it is when one gets right down to the details of finding war purposes for these machines that one understands the crucial necessity for over-all pooling and direction in their use. An automobile factory is a giant special-purpose tool designed to do a specific job. Dismantled, it has infinite possibilities, and we enter an area where ingenuity and imagination determine results.

Unless the many problems arising are separated and allocated, no plant's little hierarchy of engineers can apply the concentration required to make new war tools from old machines. The machines themselves must be brought into new productive patterns, and an over-all board is needed to find in the stray idle machine at one plant the "missing link" needed in the new production line at another. Otherwise the management of each plant, with a limited number of tools, must stand harassed and bewildered before an endless number of possible armament products. Without central aid and direction, the tendency will be to pick the easiest job and the one least disturbing to "business as usual."

Vichy Bait for Washington

BY WAVERLEY L. ROOT

WHEN the news that France had signed an armistice with Germany reached Syria in June, 1940, Governor General Puaux handed an envelope to a member of the French consular staff at Cairo then in Beirut but expecting to return to Cairo in two days. The envelope was addressed to the British military authorities in Egypt. It announced that Syria did not consider itself bound by the terms of the armistice, and that the important Near East army organized by General Weygand would continue to fight side by side with the British. Before Puaux's messenger had left, the United States indicated its intention to continue diplomatic relations with the French government. Puaux took his letter back. "I thought I understood what had happened," he said, "but if the United States approves of the Vichy government, I must have been mistaken."

That was the first act of the State Department in support of Vichy. As a result the British had to fight the Syrian campaign to acquire a strategically valuable territory which would have been with the Allies from the beginning if Washington had taken a different course.

American relations with France again occupied the spotlight when, against British opposition, the United States insisted on delivering supplies, including oil, to French North Africa. The theory of the State Department was that General Weygand's position was strengthened by these deliveries, and that General Weygand could be counted upon to keep the Germans out of North Africa. The fact that the supplies from the United States were helpful in the hurried building of the Trans-Saharan railroad from the Mediterranean to Dakar—a line of no conceivable immediate importance to the French, but of obvious strategic value to the Axis—did not seem important to the State Department.

Then the Germans decided that Weygand was an obstacle to their plans and ordered his removal. Vichy complied. At last the State Department, having apparently seen the light, stopped shipments of supplies to North Africa. American observers who had seen the evil effects of appeasement diplomacy on Europe breathed more easily. The State Department, it seemed, had learned its lesson. Washington moved nearer to recognition of De Gaulle. A sort of semi-official legation, the Delegation of the Free French Forces, was established in this country to obtain supplies under the Lease-Lend Act. It was a great shock, therefore, when the seizure of the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon by the De Gaulle forces, at the request of the population, was promptly disavowed by the State Department. It seemed grotesque for the United States to demand the return of the islands from an unrecognized but de facto ally to a government under the domination of a declared enemy.

Behind this incident is a State Department policy directly in the appeasement tradition of Neville Chamber-

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lain. The futility of the whole appeasement theory was summed up brilliantly by the British cartoonist David Low in a drawing made some time before the outbreak of war. It showed Chamberlain, Daladier, Eden, and other European statesmen huddled fearfully in the corner of a room in the center of which stood Hitler, arms akimbo, glaring balefully at them. The caption read: "What will you fellows give me not to give you another kick in the pants?" The kick in the pants which Pétain has been threatening to deliver to the State Department is the handing over of the French fleet and empire to the Axis. It is an imaginary threat. Pétain is prevented from taking such action by the pressure of public opinion. He is unable to deliver the fleet because its crews would scuttle their ships first. He is unable to deliver the empire because the native populations would revolt. Indeed, for three indecisive days after Weygand's recall it was none too certain that North Africa would not react by going over to De Gaulle. Governor General Noguès, son-in-law of Delcassé, creator of the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale, and an appointee of Léon Blum, was on the verge of taking this step, but lacked the courage.

The destiny of the French fleet and the French empire is beyond the control of any one man or small group of men—including the American State Department. But the threat of their transfer is useful to Pétain. Through it he has succeeded in committing the State Department to his support. And that support is unconditional. The State Department does not say, "Send your ships to neutral ports, allow neutral control commissions to be placed in your colonies, and we will support you." It gives the support without demanding any change in the situation. Pétain can therefore continue to use the situation as a bludgeon with which to demand further support.

Pétain's motives need not be examined on the basis of surmise. His closest collaborators—Lucien Romier, Minister of State; Dr. Menétrier, his personal physician and confidential private secretary; Henri du Moulin de la Barthète, his *chef de cabinet*—have explained them. Pétain believes the war will end with a compromise peace between the exhausted enemies. France, because it got out of the war earlier with small losses, will be relatively strong—in a position to dominate the peace conference and recover its status as a great power. But if the war should end with an Allied advantage, it might be De Gaulle, not Pétain, who would represent France—an insupportable prospect. Pétain is therefore striving to keep the United States on his side in order to freeze out De Gaulle. He is also preparing for the possibility that Germany may dominate the peace conference by telling Berlin that only his influence with the people is keeping the fleet and colonies from joining the Allies.

The State Department has taken the bait. The Nazis apparently have not. As this article is written, they are preparing to bring pressure upon Pétain for greater collaboration by threatening to set up a new French government in Paris.

The steps by which the State Department became committed to Pétain's support are as follows: Marshal Pétain informed American representatives that if Darlan were pushed too far by the Germans, Pétain would resign, after ordering the fleet and the colonies to defend themselves against all comers. But, he pointed out, the colonies lacked the supplies necessary for their self-defense. The United States, he suggested, could make it possible for them to defend themselves by providing the supplies. It was not too practical, however, especially after we entered the war, for the United States to deal with German-controlled Vichy concerning the defense of French possessions against Germany, and so it was arranged that the State Department should deal with each French colony directly, and their governors were given carte blanche to carry on such negotiations.

In its direct dealings with General Weygand the State Department had negotiated with two special emissaries sent by Weygand to the French embassy in Washington —MM. Marschal and Guérin. When Weygand was removed, these two gentlemen assumed that their mission was ended. To their astonishment the State Department appeared to think otherwise. The reason behind this became apparent later when the department, in accordance with the understanding with Pétain, prepared to resume sending supplies to Morocco. This was after it had discussed the "neutralization" of Dakar—from which no ship or plane clears without German authorization—with General Barraud and Admiral Colligny.

Now an almost comic situation developed—one in which the falsity of the department's position was exposed with cruel clarity. The principle of resuming oil shipments had been established. But, the State Department asked, what guaranty could it receive that its tankers would not be torpedoed on the way? The French embassy in Washington asked Vichy. Vichy referred the matter to the Wiesbaden Armistice Commission. Wiesbaden passed it on to Berlin! This left the State Department with the prospect of having its whole policy knocked on the head by a simple "no" from Berlin. On the other hand, a "yes" would mean that United States policy is exactly what Berlin wants it to be. It is difficult to see what excuse can be offered in time of war for a diplomatic policy which can only be pursued with the consent, implicit or explicit, of the enemy. This single fact is sufficient to brand that policy as mistaken and dangerous.

Appeasement of Vichy has worked no better in other parts of the world. In the Far East, France has certain island positions which could be of use to us—notably Noumea in New Caledonia, the only Clipper stop on the southern route still available to us. General De Gaulle controls all France's Pacific possessions except Indo-China. He has offered us any bases we need in them. But

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the State Department's agreement with Vichy obliges it to deal with Admiral Decoux, the former Governor of Indo-China, whom Vichy hastily named Governor General of all France's Pacific possessions for the express purpose of providing someone to negotiate with the United States. If we want to use French Pacific bases we must ask permission of Admiral Decoux, who can't deliver them. We cannot accept General De Gaulle's offer because by doing so we should grant him recognition.

In the Western Hemisphere the State Department made an agreement with Admiral Robert of Martinique. This was actually reached on November 14 although it was not revealed until much later. Vichy denied knowledge of it, in accordance with the State Department-Pétain plan for direct negotiations between Washington and French possessions. The agreement included an assurance from Admiral Robert that the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon would not be used to serve the Axis. Yet at the time it was signed, a wireless station built after the armistice and controlled by an engineer sent especially from Vichy was already operating on the islands, sending out messages useful to German submarines and raiders. So far as is known, the State Department agreement contained no clause silencing that station.

Meanwhile Admiral Muselier, sent to Ottawa by General De Gaulle, informed the Canadian Admiralty that the islands had asked the Free French to take them over. Ottawa consented, but United States Minister Pierrepont Moffat asked Muselier not to take this action. Muselier was willing to comply but was overruled by De Gaulle, who informed him that Vichy was planning to make greater use of the islands to further Axis purposes and that they must therefore be occupied quickly. Muselier applied for a visa to go to Washington and explain the situation to the State Department. He was refused a visa! He then sailed for the islands, without American sanction and to a degree without American knowledge, but with the blessings of the Canadian government.

The State Department, instead of accepting the *fait accompli,* chose to make an issue of the occupation of the islands, thereby giving powerful pyschological comfort to the Axis, which the German-controlled French press and radio were quick to exploit. This decision demonstrated how thorough-going was the State Department's willingness to play Pétain's game against De Gaulle. Further proof was furnished by another event not made public: General De Gaulle, in the belief that common action against a common enemy made it essential that his delegation in the United States should include a military attaché, named a World War veteran to that position. The State Department found him, like Muselier, undesirable, and refused him a visa.

This record of State Department policy toward Vichy indicates that our diplomats have become so involved in what they no doubt consider a policy of the greatest cleverness that they have lost sight of basic principles. It might be worth while to hang in every office of the State Department a sign reading: "De Gaulle is fighting against the Axis. Pétain is the prisoner of the Axis. Nothing the United States can do will alter these two facts."

Our Plan for Victory

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

PERHAPS the most significant news item in the period immediately preceding the war went unnoticed by the vast majority of the American people. On December 4 the Chicago *Tribune* published large sections of a war plan purported to have been prepared many months ago by the Joint Board of the Army and Navy for the victorious prosecution of the war. No one in an official position has attempted to deny its authenticity, and it gives excellent internal evidence of being genuine.

In this plan the war is divided into three phases. In the first the Allies are frankly on the defensive and are to be kept going by economic and military assistance while the United States prepares itself for large-scale participation. This introductory phase, ended somewhat prematurely by the Pearl Harbor episode of December 7, was to be preparatory to a second stage in which the United States, its plans well advanced, was to abandon the defensive completely and send a second A. E. F. to Europe.

Invasion of Europe was considered out of the question until Germany had been weakened by aerial and naval attack. Prior to this step the following conditions would have to be created:

1. The surface and sub-surface vessels of the Axis must be swept from the seas, particularly in the Atlantic waters contingent to Europe.
2. Overwhelming air supremacy must be accomplished.
3. The industrial and economic life of Germany must be rendered ineffective.
4. The combat effectiveness of the German air and ground units must be weakened by dispersion and shortage of materials, including fuel.

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5. Popular support of the war effort by the peoples of the Axis powers must be weakened, and their confidence shattered, by subversive activities, propaganda, deprivation, and the destruction wrought.

In order to prepare for the worst likely set of circumstances, the Joint Board assumed the complete defeat of the Soviet Union by July, 1942, an entire year before it expected to have available enough ships or enough men for an invasion of Europe. The land attack was to be directed at the reduction of outlying bases where the German hold was weakest, beginning with Norway, before an attempt should be made to conquer the citadel of Hitler's strength.

The third period of the war was to see the total military defeat of Germany and its allies.

Needless to say, the forces required to accomplish so difficult a military task would be enormous. A total of more than 10,000,000 men would probably see service during the course of the war, their exact number depending upon circumstances not yet certain; the navy and marine corps were expected to jump to 1,250,000 men, the army air corps to about 2,000,000 and the army itself to about 7,000,000. The plan stated that a certain number of troops were to be used as garrisons for advanced bases and home defense, while the rest, 215 divisions in five field armies, a large proportion of them mechanized and armored, were to serve as an expeditionary force to defeat Germany on its own soil. The equipment of so large an army would demand drastic increases in the manufacture of weapons, and 17,000,000 tons of additional merchant shipping, twice our pre-war merchant marine, was expected to be needed to transport the men and keep supply lines running. The aerial increase envisaged was only slightly less spectacular, the goal being a force of 7,000 bombers, requiring a 40 per cent increase in air bases.

Japan's entrance into the war on the side of the Axis was fully expected. The eventual military cooperation of German-occupied territories, Vichy France, and possibly Spain and Portugal was also anticipated. To counter Japan's activities, American aid in defending Siberia and Malaysia by land, a Chinese offensive, extensive air raids, and an economic blockade were to be used.

Such in brief was the original plan of operation. Wherein will it have to be modified as a result of the events of the past six months? How valid are the assumptions on which it rests, and what are its essential weaknesses?

One obvious weakness lies in its time schedule. July, 1943, is an extremely late date to start a decisive campaign. The plan itself recognizes this, saying, "But time is of the essence, and the longer we delay effective offensive operations against the Axis the more difficult will be the attainment of victory."

The fundamental assumption that sea power and air power can prevent the war from being lost but cannot retake conquered territory or alone bring a decision is regarded as reasonable by all experts save those naval and aerial enthusiasts who consider that their own arm is the only one likely to win a war. Soviet defeat by July, 1942, now looks constantly less probable. If the United States is able to rely on continued heavy Russian pressure on Hitler by land, the American forces that will be engaged, the time that will be required to achieve victory, and the probable losses are all subject to reduction. Less dependence, however, can be placed on air power, since accurate devices now detect planes regardless of altitude or weather conditions.

It has become plain that the defensive measures outlined will not defeat Japan and that there must be a large-scale offensive in the Pacific. By its conquests Japan has already gained access to rubber and tin and a limited iron supply. If its aggression to the south and west is sufficiently successful and it can consolidate its gains, it will be amply able to withstand the strain of a long war. Even to defend Malaysia, as contemplated by the Joint Board, superior sea and air strength must be attained. Until the United States achieves that superiority, the Allies will continue to meet defeat in the Far East.

What progress have we made in carrying out the plan?

In the European theater we have made definite gains. The German submarine offensive in the North Atlantic has bogged down so badly that ship losses have been reduced to a fraction of their former extent and the Germans are reported to be experiencing the greatest difficulty in supplying trained crews for their undersea raiders. British air supremacy over large areas of Western Europe is already an accomplished fact. All Europe is seething with unrest, and even German morale will probably suffer if the losses in Russia continue; German air and ground strength has already been decreased. Whether the economic and industrial life of Germany can be seriously disrupted from the air is open to question; the example of Great Britain leaves room for grave doubt. It is more likely that the Axis will suffer from a shortage of raw materials, especially oil and manganese, as a result of the enormous and continued consumption in the east and the failure to gain new sources of supply by conquest.

Viewed as a whole, the European phase of the American victory program, enormous as is the task set, appears entirely feasible. Germany may easily be so weakened that a successful land attack can be made by the time we have enough men and shipping to launch one.

Much less can be said for the Asiatic phase. Not only were the original measures considered by the Joint Board inadequate, but Japan has badly upset their timing by its raid of December 7 and its subsequent rapid successes in the Far East. This part of the American scheme for achieving victory must be revised.

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Need We Fear Russia?

BY RALPH BATES

I

IT WOULD appear that in one vital matter the "British imperialists" of Mr. Eden's and Mr. Churchill's kind are in advance, not merely of public sentiment in this country, but of much liberal opinion. The British Foreign Minister, upon his return from Moscow, spoke sensibly and frankly of the problem of Anglo-Russian relations. There were, he said, suspicions on both sides. In declaring that wisdom and statesmanship would allay them, Mr. Eden implied that these suspicions were not unreasonable or fundamental. Nothing like this sobriety exists as yet among various liberal circles. Too many conversations have suggested to me that certain progressives dread Russian successes somewhat more than they fear Russian defeats. It appears that what this liberal Clivedenism would like is a Russian setback short of catastrophe, or modest—and expensive—victories short of triumph.

This state of mind is much more widespread than is supposed, and if unchecked will have evil consequences. There is no utility in merely urging trust in the wisdom of governments, either in London or in Moscow. To inform the world that a little dog might like to nestle in Stalin's lap is faulty propaganda. The world is not a little dog. To attempt to convince people that the Soviet Union has never made a mistake, that the Russo-German pact was just an effort to gain time in order to come to the relief of the democracies, is similarly to mistake the problem and to perpetuate it. It will be useful, therefore, to mention the several fears which exist in liberal circles.

The root of them all is the one passionately expressed by Norman Thomas in a recent debate with the writer at Boston. It is, incredible as it may seem, the one utilized by Hitler in his speech "explaining" his invasion of Russia: that by defeating the Reich we shall surrender all Europe into Stalin's hands. Next in importance is the often expressed fear that at some opportune moment the Soviet Union will back out of the war. Sometimes the argument takes the form that protracted reverses might cause Moscow's defection. At other times, it is said that a victorious Stalin might choose the same course. Again, it is suggested that the Soviet Union, having been aided to survive, might not observe the conditions of the peace treaties. Variantly it is feared that the Soviets will gain influence in certain quarters of the world, for example, the Balkans or the Far East, and that this will lead to Communist Party control of those regions. One observes, also, the lively fear that Russian triumph or unchanged survival will lead to such a strengthening of the Communist Party elsewhere that at some moment when that party is enabled to turn a leaf in its anthology of theory and tactics it will be in a position to work mischief comparable to that which it has recently eschewed. And, finally, one meets the peculiarly dreamy regret that in coming to terms with Moscow we may be enabling Stalin to carry his regime, unamended, into the Russian future.

Some of these possibilities may frankly be given the status of certainties. All aid to the Soviet Union is support for the existing regime. The Red Army is a stable army. It is firmly controlled by the Russian Communist Party. And though the belief is not relevant to the argument, the conduct of Communist troops in Spain gives one every reason to believe that that control, quite as much as the patriotism incorporated in it, has in part provided the foundation of the Red Army's magnificent showing. The true answer to this particular fear was given by Mr. Eden and will be dealt with later. Again, it may be conceded that the Soviet Union's survival will entail the extension of its influence in the Balkans, possibly of Communist Party influence. The case was certainly no different when, before Russian participation in the war, liberals urged the destruction of the Nazi regime, nor would the consequences of collective security in 1938, or of voluntary belligerence of the Soviets in September, 1939, have been otherwise. The price, if it must be so regarded, is a small one to pay for victory. And if Rumania is compelled to restore Bessarabia, as it ought, or if the Communist Party becomes predominant there, that also would surely be a small price. One can imagine better solutions for the Rumanian people than a Communist dictatorship, but if we know anything of the predicament of that people we would be hasty in assuming that this would be worse than presérvation of the old feudalism. To confront the last of these cloudier fears, Soviet survival may strengthen the Communist Party in Britain and the United States. That result may be disturbing to some and exasperating to others; that it can be a danger is beyond belief.

The other fears originate in difficulties that can be met by wise statesmanship. The similar fears in Moscow must be so met. Progressive opinion should not have needed instruction from Mr. Eden. We are not making war upon Germany because its own regime is fascist, however much we may have disagreed with *Izvestia's* unforgotten statement that fascism is a matter of taste, but because Germany has gone to war with the aim

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of establishing fascism throughout the world. Prior to 1933 no Socialist advocated rearmament against the feeble Italian regime, much less war upon it. The same rule is to be applied to the Soviets. The case of Finland will be promptly adduced. The Russian demands upon Finland in the summer of 1939 were inordinate. Temporary occupation of areas strategically necessary for Soviet defense against the Reich was reasonable, but to demand outright cession was to conflict with the unmistakable character of the oncoming war as one for national liberty. The Finnish people, therefore, were justified in their resistance, just as certainly as they are doing a foolish wrong to themselves now. But when the Finnish instance is advanced as proof that the Soviet Union has a permanently aggressive character, one must disagree. That Moscow is still aware of its past blunder is as apparent now as it was in the dropping of Kuusinen.

II

The Soviet Union, like any other power, behaves according to its fundamental character under two conditions—when no alternative action is possible, and when, at the same time, it is put in a position to do so. To refuse all collaboration with the Soviet Union at Munich and shortly afterward to guarantee that Britain would go to war if Poland were invaded was to invite the Russo-German pact. London's stupidity opened up deceptive possibilities, for the Soviets, of military preponderance and security in Europe, with the additional lure of world revolution, or at least of the all-important German revolution, to be stabilized by Soviet intervention. To ridicule Chamberlain's stupidity, is not, of course, to assert that the Russian demands in 1939 were justifiable, but to recognize the circumstances under which the disaster occurred. Those circumstances are universally determinant. The case is not otherwise with Britain. Had there been any way to avoid war, over the Polish issue, Chamberlain would have taken it. There was no alternative; hence the British people's respect for democracy became his. Criticism of the two errors of London must be the basis for sound thinking.

Whenever one begins to advance this preliminary argument it is rarely long before someone interjects, "Very well, since Stalin has no alternative but to fight, let him fight. The minimum of collaboration should be directed to the end merely of enabling him to do so." The cynicism is as revolting as it is unstatesmanlike. And when this attitude, disguised with the name of realism, is combined with one of puling protest that the Soviets do not attack Japan, one confronts futility raised to the level of a moral virtue.

The plain duty of self-preservation compels us to a collaboration of a fulness which no existent treaty envisages and no public trend at present fosters. Even if we grant that victory might be ours without the most ample partnership, it is still true that victory so obtained would be far more costly than it need be, for us as well as for the citizens of the Soviet Union. To shy away from collaboration, or to set impossible conditions for its achievement, is to kill men, our men. To revert, then, to the argument presented above, simple inspection of the reality informs us that the Russians are fighting superlatively well and at formidable cost to themselves because they must. The intentions of states and their political tactics derive from such implications; their defection from prudent and moral courses or their acceptance of them is so determined. All states pursue this major or that minor objective, adopt this theory of behavior or that modification of it, according to these imperatives and possibilities. In the case of the Soviet Union, which, after supporting democracy and instructing the Spanish Communists to check the momentum of the Spanish revolution, reverted to a support of revolutionary defeatism which inevitably served the purposes of Hitler, the consequences are so immediately dramatic, so confusing of values, so entangled with emotional consequences that the laws governing such changes are forgotten.

Proper understanding of these laws would incline us to reason that because the Russians must fight at the present moment, earnest collaboration and unstinted help are likely to be repaid with honest partnership. For Russian security is more important to the Kremlin, as Spain showed, than any particular theory of revolution. The Russian imperative is our imperative, and both constitute the condition of partnership. To treat the Soviet Union with the indifference and the Machiavellian opportunism secretly approved by too many in our democracy is to create the state of mind, on both sides, that led to the Russo-German pact.

Military efficiency demands far more intimate collaboration than exists, for there are few areas of the war in which the Soviets' help is not of vital importance. The situation in the Far East, which for long must be adverse, cannot be fully remedied without Soviet collaboration. Let us be frank about the Soviets and about ourselves, in this Far Eastern question. The situation now existing there is not unlike that which prevailed in Europe prior to June 23, 1941. The Soviets' eventual enemy, Japan, is being engaged by other countries, thus permitting the continuance of Soviet neutrality. What some apparently fear is that the Soviet Union is abstaining from action with the definite intention of allowing the ABCD powers to take the strain without regard for the results. There is no proof that this is so, but if it were so, and if as a result the Japanese appeared likely to conquer positions whose retaking might become disproportionately costly to us and to the Soviet Union, what would be the correct course to follow? Granting for the sake of argument that Moscow's point is correct, that the German campaign must come first, one course is inevitable. It is to put the Soviet Union in such a position that its strategically

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placed troops may be utilized at the very first moment of confidence. It is not impossible, however, that Russian territory might be lost in the process. If, therefore, Moscow quite reasonably made it a condition that its frontiers should be restored during the war, by American troops, it would be honorable and expedient to give that guaranty in contractual form.

Asia Minor and the Balkans pose similar questions. The force of the argument is not apparent, however, when one takes its items piecemeal. For the mere glueing together of tactical plans, however competently it may be done, does not constitute a grand strategy. A grand strategy exists only when the economic and military apparatus of a group of allies is treated as one system, when the characteristic strength of a consortium is thrust against the characteristic weakness of its rival. A grand strategy can only be evolved when the common political denominator of a group of allies becomes the basis for a vigorous morale. Such a morale must itself close the gap in the allied ranks. In this case the gap was precisely the disunity between the Western powers and the Soviet Union. The entry of America into the war and the defeats in Russia will have begun to corrode German morale. Nothing could be more violently disruptive of that morale than a final, contractual, implemented, and visibly working unity of the powers. No grand strategy can exist if the allied powers are reluctant to impose their solution, the whole solution, and make it work. The Atlantic Charter, accepted in principle by the Soviets, points the way to its own complementary agreements.

III

At present there is an increasing unity between Britain and the United States. That rapprochement, patently and deeply sincere, has caused some to believe that the two countries must form, and are forming, a bloc to balance the Soviets and the eventual turbulence in Europe. Such a conception, if carried out, would be disastrous. Fortunately, to take the more readily assessable case of Britain, the understanding between London and Moscow is better than is commonly realized. That understanding, sealed by a treaty already amplified by secondary contracts such as that between the Polish government-in-exile and the two major powers, has had profound consequences for public feeling. Britain is committed, subject to modification of frontiers by discussion, to a restoration of the Polish state; so is the Soviet Union. Moscow, agreeing to make no separate peace, has expressed its willingness to help create a stable Europe. Military conversations between the two powers are intimate. A Russian trade-union delegation is in Britain, invited by the Trades Union Congress, which has a fraternal solidarity pact with the Russian federation. The full significance of this is apparent if one remembers that it was the British trade-union and labor movement which in 1920 put an end to the British government's intervention against the Russian Revolution, and that the head of the recent British labor mission to Moscow was Citrine, the moderate who declared during the Russo-Finnish War that the labor movement would not tolerate a "switching" of the war against the Soviets. The intention of the Foreign Office in welcoming the Russian mission is doubtless to give the Soviet leaders confidence and perhaps, in addition, to clear their heads of any lingering dreams concerning Communist influence in Britain. To conclude this hasty survey, the Soviet Union has been invited by Washington to adhere to the declaration arising out of the Atlantic Charter. It has accepted. The United States is granting generous lease-lend aid to it. All this is admirable but insufficient.

The clearest indication must be given to Moscow that its regime's stability is a Russian concern and that its frontiers will be the subject of mutual guaranties by the victorious states. This, surely, is merely to extend to Moscow the cardinal assurance that is the essence of the Atlantic Charter. There can be no stable peace without a Russia free from fear of the rest of Europe. The organisms required for full collaboration, as they are created, must be supplemented by others of post-war reconstructive purpose, and these, as areas are reconquered, must be set to work. There is no need to wait for the end of the war to elaborate the new League or whatever regulative institution is envisaged. It should be the prerogative of that League to elaborate peace aims now with candor and amplitude. The Soviet views must be taken into account here. Economic aid for reconstruction of devastated areas may be granted to Britain as well as to the conquered countries. It should be extended to the Soviet Union also. Relaxation of economic restrictions, promised by the Atlantic Charter, together with creative schemes for enrichment, must include the Soviets. Great as the recuperative powers of the Soviet Union may prove, the reconstruction of European economy demands that its recovery be rapidly accomplished.

Over and above unstinted fighting, the Soviet Union has a contribution to make and one which will test the nerve of its leaders: eventually it will have to work out general disarmament plans with other powers. Its willingness will depend on circumstances within our control, just as British and American disarmament must depend on the Soviets' good sense in aiding us to create a stable Europe. Doubtless there are other contributions that the Soviet Union may be called upon to make, and some it may proffer without prompting. Whatever may be the case, this one may believe: without collaboration between all the anti-Axis states, in war and peace, we cannot be confident of profitable victory. The Soviet Union is one of those states, and one of the most powerful. Because it is the one most likely to be ignored, or feared, it is time we began to be precise in our thinking about it.

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Paris in the Morning

BY IDA TREAT

THE noise of the plane waked Henriette. She held her breath. She could not help it. What made them fly so low? People said they did it to scare the Parisians, to remind them the Germans were there. As if they needed that to remember.

The plane passed over, but the throbbing went on in her head. She must have been crying in her sleep again. She never cried when she was awake, but she could not help her dreams. Perhaps the pills the doctor gave her to make her sleep were to blame for the nightmares.

Her back ached, too. It felt as if her spine had rusted and grown together. That came from sleeping huddled in a heap. It had taken her so long to get warm when she went to bed. It could not be anything else. She still had two months—. The doctor did not like those pains. He warned her she was not getting enough to eat. Of course she wasn't. People had to fight for every mouthful these days, and there were days when she did not feel like fighting.

Henriette lay looking at the room. In the drab December light it looked blighted. The dark splotch on the wallpaper had spread. That meant the gutter was leaking again, and now the landlord would never fix it. The muslin curtains hung limp at the window, like gray rags. No wonder they were gray. She had not washed them in months. She had to save the three cakes of soap. Her pillow was a smudgy gray too, like the sheets. She longed to make her bed up fresh again—smooth, clean sheets. But she would need all her linen later on. Staying in bed so much was what dirtied the sheets. Bed was the only place where she could keep warm.

Through the mica panes of the salamander in the fireplace she could see the black curling fragments of the books she had burned the night before. It was silly to have burned them—they flamed with a roar and gave off the merest flicker of heat. In twenty-four hours the salamander could burn a whole scuttleful of coal—one-third of her fuel ration for a month. The fuel ration, though, was purely theoretical. There wasn't any coal.

It came over her that this was Monday. She must go to the *mairie* for her allocation. That meant more standing in line, for she could not get there before ten o'clock and there would be crowds ahead of her. If she went to the *mairie* at once the milk store was sure to be closed when she came back. The doctor said she had to have milk.

Henriette crept out of bed and stood shivering in the damp cold of the unheated flat. She longed dizzily for a cup of coffee. Jean always used to bring her her coffee in bed mornings before he went to work. Throwing a coat about her shoulders she pattered to the kitchen in her bare feet. There was no coffee, only roasted barley, but it would be hot. She held a saucepan under the faucet; a few drops tinkled into the pan, then the faucet gagged. The landlord had turned off the water again; he was afraid the pipes would freeze. The only faucet that worked was in the court five flights down.

She tilted up the water pitcher. Just enough for her coffee. Washing could wait. She would wet a towel in the court and rub her face and hands before she went out. Anyhow there was no soap. As for the white powder they sold at the market as a soap substitute, she would not risk using it again. Her hands still stung from it. Luckily she had not tried the stuff on her face. She peered at herself in the glass above the sink and wondered what Jean would say if he could see her, so yellow and thin. That was what war had done to her. It was funny how neither of them had thought of war except as fighting and maybe dying—never in terms of food, coal, and soap. Though perhaps she should not lay it to the war. It had all come with the defeat.

She stood warming her hands at the gas flame while the water heated. What did people do who had no gas? Perhaps they gathered twigs and fallen branches in the Bois de Vincennes. The concierge had brought back a whole sackful last Sunday. She said the Bois was full of people picking up wood. The *agents* were there, too, to stop people from breaking off branches and keep them away from the part of the Bois the Germans had shut off. They had something hidden there—tanks or an ammunition dump. If the Bois had not been so far away, Henriette would have asked the concierge to let her go along the next time. But the Bois was too far, and the doctor had forbidden her to walk. That was why he made her give up her work at the bank. After the buses stopped, the only way to get there was to walk. So now she must get along as best she could on her allocation. Twelve francs a day. Could anyone live on twelve francs? The money she had saved from her salary could not be touched. She would need it later on. In two months—she never dared think beyond that date. It was as if everything stopped there.

The water sizzled on the side of the saucepan and burst into noisy bubbling. Henriette poured it carefully through the filter over the little mound of ground barley. It came through a watery brown. She decided to add half

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a lump of sugar. There were thirty lumps left in the box and still twenty days to go until the end of the month. The doctor had been so cross with her for sending all her last month's ration to Jean. Sugar was food, he said—she had to think of herself. As if she could forget Jean, up north in a prison camp. She wondered whether Jean ever got the sugar.

She drank down the bowl of brown liquid and tried to hurry into her clothes while the warm feeling lasted. She wished she dared let the gas burn while she dressed. The company had warned her they would shut it off if she went beyond her quota—just one-half of what she burned the year before. Keeping away from the mirror, she buttoned her dress and smoothed her hair. She knew she looked a fright, but what difference did it make? No one cared how she looked; she didn't care herself.

Locking the door of the flat behind her, Henriette started down the stairs. From the street came a crashing noise like rushing water. The concierge at the door turned to speak to her.

"That's the third truck since yesterday."

Across the street, before the Lufthansa offices, soldiers in green uniforms were unloading coal.

"If we had a few Boches living here, there would be coal for us," grunted the concierge.

Henriette was glad no Germans lived in their house. She could not bear to look at them, with Jean a prisoner. She passed the coal truck with averted head. The noise followed her, sacks and sacks of coal rushing like water down the chute. A wave of hate welled up inside her so intense it was like nausea. All that coal for grown men in warm uniforms. What would happen if she went across and asked them, "Just a little coal, Messieurs, for the new baby—"? She felt herself grow hot. Not even for the baby would she ask anything of the Germans.

Halfway down the block a line of people stood huddled against the wall, outside the *charcuterie*. She heard a woman say they had been there since before daybreak. The *charcutier* had blood-sausage on sale. For blood-sausage, *boudin,* you did not need a ration ticket. *Boudin*—she could actually smell it, rich, dark, crackling, bursting in the pan. The thought made her feel giddy, and for the moment she forgot everything except that she wanted desperately a piece of *boudin*. She took her place at the end of the line.

In the line everyone was talking. That was where you got the news, for few people read the papers any more. As the woman beside her said, it was not worth spending fifty centimes on a paper just to get mad. Henriette asked her what had become of the old man who used to sell papers on the corner. He was a brave old fellow; when he shouted *"Paris-Soir,"* he always added, dropping his voice a fraction, "and its lies." *"Paris-Soir—et ses mensonges."* The woman said she guessed the Boches had heard him. Anyhow he wasn't there. She said her husband had just lost his job because of the Boches. They had fired all the *boueux*—they would not let Frenchmen work in the sewers any more. They were afraid someone might plant a bomb under the Hotel Majestic or some of the other places where German officers were quartered. The woman just beyond said that was not the only reason. They did not want the French to know they had mined the whole city. She lived next door to the Lycée D——; every night she heard their drills burrowing in the stone. "They're going to blow up Paris if they have to leave."

The man next in line said the British would blow up the Boches before they got a chance to leave. He hoped they would; he did not care what happened to him. "They can blow up the whole place and welcome, provided they get the Boches." The woman next to Henriette said she felt the same way. She would not mind being bombed by the British if only the Boches were too.

Farther down the line they were talking about potatoes. A woman said she stood four hours in line the day before and only got two pounds, and they were frosted. Someone said the Germans chalked *Deutschland* on the cars of potatoes they didn't take, so people would think they came from Germany. The speaker said he knew it for a fact; his son worked at the freight yards. From potatoes talk switched to the riots at the Villette abattoir—sixteen killed the day the Germans took all but 600 cattle out of 4,000 destined for Paris. "One man stuck two Germans with his butcher knife before they shot him—and it's only the beginning."

A woman in a shabby gray shawl moved along the line holding out a bottle. "Buy my *saladine*. You won't miss oil on your salad if you use my *saladine*." She poured a few drops on her palm—a pasty, yellow mess. Henriette felt her gorge rise. What was it? Probably something that made you sick. Her neighbor in the line asked her if she had tried boiling lichens. You got them at the drugstore; they made the water thick. "But it has no taste," another woman put in. She had tried it, she'd rather go without. So many people were sick from eating these substitutes—not to mention the rotten food. The fish they sold at the market—one look at it was enough.

"Do you know the fish man gets a basket by truck every day from the coast? He sells it privately. People go to his house after dark."

"Yes, and what do they pay for it? Fifty francs a pound and more. *Une honte!*"

"There's no defeat for the ones with money—."

"The people can starve—."

Henriette felt faint as she listened, huddled against the wall for shelter from the wind. The damp cold of the pavement seeped through her thin soles turning her feet to ice. The shoes needed mending, but there was no leather at the cobblers, and how could she afford a new pair? Six hundred francs for a pair of shoes! She found

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herself hating the people who could pay 600 francs—the same sickening hate she felt for the Germans. A lucky thing she had bought wool for the baby's things last summer. Now there was no wool in the shops, even for the rich.

Step by step the line shortened. Henriette had almost reached the door of the shop. She could hear the hubbub inside. People were shoving and shouting: "Only one left . . . she gave it all to her friends . . . it's an outrage . . . two pounds to the first ones and now nothing left for us . . . *Monsieur l'Agent!*" A policeman jogged around the corner, his cape flapping, and elbowed his way through the door.

"Look what she gave me for four of us." The man who had spoken about potatoes pushed past Henriette holding out a few inches of dirty gray sausage stuffed with what looked like red clay. Was that the *boudin?* The *agent* reappeared in the shop door, driving people before him. "All out! All out!" he shouted; then the door crashed shut. "That's how it always is," a woman's voice called shrilly; "stand in the cold for hours, and for what? *Peau de—!*"

Henriette glanced at her watch. Already half-past nine. And still the milk to get, and the trip to the *mairie;* she would have to show her "mother's card" at the *crêmerie* and try to be served first. She had the right though she hated to use it. She knew how it would be.

It was worse than she anticipated. The crowd before the milk store resisted like a wall when she tried to force her way in. The outer rim gave a little, stretched, and closed in behind her. She was caught, hemmed in, powerless to stir. A back resisted, an elbow jabbed. Voices spoke about her: "No, you don't, my girl . . . where's her card? . . . she's another one with a pillow under her skirt . . . show your card." She could not reach her card; her arms were pinned to her sides. She tried to protect her body. They were crushing her. She couldn't breath. *"Monsieur l'Agent!"* she screamed. Then she knew she was going to faint.

She did not faint, for the policeman had her by the waist. He had got her out of the press and was telling her to sit down on the curb until she felt better. He was a burly Corsican with a kind voice.

"You're all right, *petite dame,* you're all right," he kept repeating. "I'm a family man myself. Anyone who looks at your face can tell what's the matter with you. I'll tend to your milk. Where's your card? In your bag? Better let me see it—just for the sake of these people. You mustn't mind them; they've all got their own to think of."

He brought her the half-filled milk can and helped her to her feet. Henriette staggered a little when she tried to walk. She still felt queer and breathless. She hoped she would not have to stand in line too long at the *mairie* for her allocation.

In the Wind

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, the book and magazine writer who was recently appointed publicity director of the Republican National Committee, has been identified with isolationist-America First elements in the party since the beginning of the war. When Verne Marshall organized the No Foreign War Committee, Kelland would not join but gave it his indorsement. When Wendell Willkie spoke of his followers as the "loyal opposition," Kelland argued that the phrase was a contradiction of terms. Last April he was listed as one of the sponsors of the meeting of Women United from which Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt fled in embarrassment when anti-Semitic catcalls filled the hall.

THE UNITED MINE WORKERS are organizing Helena Rubenstein's cosmetics business. . . . The Cannery and Packinghouse Workers are organizing gravediggers throughout the country.

WELL-TO-DO HOUSEWIVES in New York's suburban areas are hoarding soap, sugar, and other commodities, and the chain stores are rationing sugar in sections where hoarding has threatened to curtail the supply. . . . In one of the city's most expensive department stores a mother was observed outfitting her six-year-old son for the next six years.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY is backing the action of the State Department in rebuffing the De Gaullists on the seizure of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

EUGENE TALMADGE of Georgia was the only state governor who did not support the pledge of loyalty to the President sponsored by Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Talmadge sent this wire in reply to the Admiral's request: "It doesn't take anyone from New York or any other state to notify us of our duty in times of an emergency like this. All we ask is for New York to come up with us, which I am satisfied they will do."

COMMENTING on some of Colonel Knox's restrictions on news of the navy, Gene Lindberg, Denver *Post* columnist, wrote:

> The boy stood on the (censored) deck
> Whence all but he (deleted)
> (This message gives out shipping news
> and cannot be completed.)

THE LONDON *News-Chronicle* reports that some of the native English fascists interned in prison camps have been demonstrating against their treatment. "I thought you would play the game," said the camp commandant. "I can tell you that unless you do behave as is expected of you, we shall be using disciplinary measures." The *News-Chronicle* added, "Among the men are some who went to public schools."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Shall the Poorest Pay the Bill?

ON SATURDAY, December 6, the day before the war broke out, H. L. Mitchell, secretary of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and I had breakfast together in New York. He went back to a middle South already altered by bombs on Honolulu. I went back to North Carolina. Not even humanitarians hear—or want to hear—as much about Mitchell as they once did when angry landlords in the Arkansas delta called him the "pants presser from Tyronza" because he had deserted small-town dry-cleaning to try to organize the tenant farmers. He is still working at it. But he wrote me across the South, "We are not likely to be heard above the war." He counted without Senator Byrd of Virginia, who has proposed as a war measure what he has been incessantly proposing as a peace measure—that practically all government aid to the littlest farmers be whacked away. Also Byrd proposed it again almost in coincidence with census reports, just coming out, which indicate that the number of farmers in the lowest income group of farmers has practically doubled in the years which led through the New Deal to war.

When Senator Byrd drew up his figures to show how much a government in need of all its resources could save out of the poorest farmers in America through destroying the Farm Security Administration, I doubt that he knew how their need of help had increased. Not many Americans realize what has happened to those farmers. I know I was surprised to learn it from the census reports. I suspect that the Department of Agriculture was. Actually from 1929, the year the depression began, to 1939, the year this war began, the number of American farms bringing their operators only $600 or less, including everything used or sold, had increased from 28 per cent of all our farms to more than 47 per cent. And this had happened even though in the Southern states 200,000 of the poorest families, which pulled every income average down, had been squeezed entirely out of agriculture. In those Southern states the number of farmers making $600 or less a year out of all their efforts has risen from a little more than one-third to just a fraction less than two-thirds of all.

Such little farmers, of course, are a long way from Senator Byrd, who as Farmer Byrd is the biggest apple grower in America on his five thousand acres of beautiful orchards in the Valley of Virginia. Even in his poll-tax state, however, a good many of those little farmers must be numbered among his constituents. In 1929, the Bureau of the Census reports, a little more than 10 per cent of the farms in Virginia received in total value of farm products sold, traded, or used at home less than $250 a year. That meant approximately 17,424 Virginia families living at so low a level. But in 1939 the Virginia families living at that level amounted to a fourth of all the farm families of Virginia. With a family on every farm, 43,035 Virginia farm families were down at that bottom level.

Such figures, of course, cannot be regarded as encouraging to those in the New Deal who have tried to help raise the standard of living of all American farmers. Incidentally, the figures do not include government payments, but such payments naturally go in greatest sum to the biggest farmers. Such payments certainly would not pull the poorest up very far. It is also true that 1939 was not agriculture's best year. Neither does 1929 stir happy memories. Since 1939 undoubtedly, as Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau has reported, farm income has risen. For millions it is still down there below even the conception of people who live in cities.

There are implications in these figures that deserve the study of our agricultural leaders. There are suggestions in them of the failure of our high plans in the past for a better America in the future. They show how little the Farm Security Administration has accomplished in terms of the hope with which it was created—that it could make reality of the American's dream of a decent free life on his own sustaining land. By these figures the dream seems almost a bad joke. But one thing these figures do not suggest is that the United States of America can load the cost of the war effort on the backs of the little farmers.

Senator Byrd is not the only American who realizes the necessity for sensible retrenchment in some peacetime functions of government at a time when America will need all its resources for a war which will be costly beyond all past computations about anything. But not many Americans aware of the facts will wish retrenchment to begin with stopping aid to the poorest people of the farms. We shall have to sacrifice certainly, but the strength of America in war will not be served by Senator Byrd's suggestion of putting the ax first to the necks of those who are already most bowed down. We are not going to save this democracy by sacrificing those who are already hurt most and who qualify for the sacrifice only through being least able to make themselves heard.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WILLIAM JAMES: 1842-1942

BY IRWIN EDMAN

IT IS hard to realize that we are celebrating this month in America the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William James. He is, it is true, already a classic in American philosophy and American literature. "Pragmatism," which he termed "a new name for some old ways of thinking," has become an established—though ambiguous—part of the philosophical vocabulary. "The Varieties of Religious Experience" has been read and has been an influence all over the world. James, none too disciplined or technical an expert in philosophy, has for at least fifty years now been a refreshing and revolutionary influence on more technical philosophers. He as much as any man was responsible for liberating American thought, in so far as it has been liberated, from the heavy dialectical chains of German metaphysics. He is, moreover, a span from the classic tradition of American writing and thought to the present. His life, like his thought, is a link between the era of his birth, in the golden day of the New England mind on an isolated continent, and these times, when American fate is involved with the fate of all free men on all the seven seas.

What makes it hard to realize that we are celebrating the century of an American intellectual classic is that there are many people alive, some of them still in their prime, who remember the man in his habit as he was. Their eyes light with enthusiasm as they recall the generous sallies and the humane wit of this "Irishman among the Brahmans," this révolté in the genteel tradition, this philosopher who started as a doctor and remained to the end a healer of men's souls, this psychologist with the instincts and the gifts of a poet and a painter, this inspiring teacher and perpetually outgiving friend. The generation of his Harvard students is still alive, and James lives not only in the memories but in the pages of many philosophers, including John Dewey. Though some of his more technical reflections date—just as the most up-to-date discussions in the journals of philosophy will be dead in a few years—there is much in him that seems only of yesterday, or, one hopes, the intimation of a better tomorrow. "The Principles of Psychology," for example, is in its essence far more living and penetrative about human behavior than many textbooks published within the last month. And "The Moral Equivalent of War" expresses a hope and a necessity now become more poignant and central than ever in the predicament of mankind.

The very character of James's gifts had in it the seeds of the decline of his reputation and early reservations about it. As long ago as 1923 Santayana expressed the distrust his fellow-philosophers had of the professional contribution of the personality they so much admired. "He made," said his one-time colleague at Harvard, "raids upon philosophy." James would have loved the phrase and might even with pleasure have used it about himself. In the hands of a critic it was intended as something other than praise. It was a way of calling attention to the sporadic, episodic character of James's thought, never a consistent or comprehensive system, never marked by clear or consistent principles. It was, rather, a kaleidoscope, vivid, varied, and disorganized. In one sense James *did* make raids upon philosophy. He repeatedly attacked, and from many different quarters, the widespread ramparts of metaphysical systems, of "system" itself in philosophy. He had the artist's sense of the multiple aspects of existence for any sensitive and living spirit. Ideas were visions and perspectives, and they were the changing visions and perspectives of knowledge that was always an exploration, an adventure, a journey of constantly new unfoldings and discoveries. James had, too, the poet's sense—and that of the poet of action—of the reality of the changing, the moving, the primitive urgency of life itself. James was not the first in philosophy to emphasize the fact and the primacy of fluency and change. The Greek Heraclitus had beaten him to it by two thousand years. But philosophy had in the hands of the logicians and the rationalists emphasized the static, the coherent, the unified character of "reality." James, like the poet that he was, restored men to the innocencies of their more immediate experience. He was fond of recalling his readers and hearers to the plural, many-sided, changing aspects of experience as we have it, to the fact that we are living in a "pluriverse" rather than a universe. He accented, however, not simply the plurality but the moving character of existence. The universe was for him not a static system but a plurality of goings on, of processes.

In such a view of the world all views were relative. They were projections and hypotheses for action. They were themes for guidance, programs of navigation by which one might control the waves of the future. A great deal of emphasis has been placed on James's theory of truth. He insisted that truths were always to be measured by consequences, that there was no such thing as *the* truth, finished and final. Truths were hypotheses that worked. The panoplied idealists at home as well as abroad laughed at this "cash-in" notion of truth. James had unfortunately used the phrase himself. Bertrand Russell accused James of trying to elect God by popular vote. Technical critics pointed out the ambiguities to which James's not very critically expressed version of truth led. It seemed at times, especially when James dealt with religious matters, where he was very tender to the sensibilities of sick souls, that one not only could but should, in the interest of living more hopefully, believe what one wanted. His essay "The Will to Believe" was parodied as "The Will to Make Believe."

In the assaults on James's loose and often contradictory

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theories of truth, in the criticisms leveled against his rather happy-go-lucky versions of "experience," his main intentions and his central insights have often been forgotten. The most careful analysis of truth in terms of operations, subscribed to by the most sober-minded logicians and philosophers of science, has James to thank for the original impulsion he gave to the treating of existences in terms of movement and knowledge in terms of operation. In the easy pickings possible to technical criticism it has also been forgotten how much James did to retrieve philosophy from the dialectics of the academy to the concerns of the whole man in a whole life. Grant that he lacked Greek composure and Spinozistic detachment, though he could on occasion eloquently set forth both, he did, nevertheless, no less than his great predecessors, take philosophy with human seriousness. Philosophy was a window for the soul, a clarifying way by which life might be lived; religion was a salvation, an adventurous belief, an audacious but justifiable commitment to the not impossible good.

James has of late been criticized for his lack of any "social" philosophy. In retrospect he does seem to belong to the tradition in which his father grew up and in which he was brought up. He belongs morally in the line of liberal transcendentalism and Protestant individualism. He is nearer Emerson than Dewey, and nearer even to Swedenborg, his father's prophet, than to statistics and economics and sociology. Thus he could consider war and its equivalent apart from the economic and social causes and consequences. He was an American moralist paddling his own canoe on a New England stream or on Walden Pond. But it is forgotten how acute and how responsible a social critic he was, in the way that Emerson was. He was a democrat in the sense that he resented all assaults of organized bigness on the independent human psyche. He would have hated totalitarian government as he hated totalitarian systems of thought. He was a liberal, an internationalist, an anti-imperialist, a civil-service reformer. He wrote of himself, "In my earlier years my whole political education was due to *The Nation.*" And he valued E. L. Godkin as the gadfly critic of American life. *The Nation,* incidentally, can boast of book reviews, like all those of that period anonymous, and letters from James on many things, from the Galileo festival in Padua to the abuse in medical advertisements. It is incidentally of interest to readers of *The Nation* that James's "Principles of Psychology" was reviewed in this publication by Charles Peirce. He began by remarking that "the 'Principles' was probably the most important contribution that had been made to the subject for many years." He continued, however, by charging the book with "idiosyncrasies of diction and tricks of language." He complained that it was superficial and untested, despite its pretensions to scientific method.

James was a member of a "royal family" intellectually. The brilliance and originality and saltiness of his father are only beginning to be recognized, just as the great stature of his artist brother is beginning to seem less at this distance of time. William James is a member of a greater family: the spiritual kinship of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and the intellectual fraternity of those philosophers from Aristotle down who have thought to find a way of thought that should be a saving way of life. Philosophy in James's hands, as in those of Socrates in the "Charmides," was in more than one sense a charm.

One might sum up one's impression of James's whole philosophy in the terms that a young reviewer in 1891 used in the *Atlantic Monthly* about "The Principles of Psychology": "But it would be pedantry to regret the loss of logical unity in a book so rich and living, in which a generous nature breaks out at every point, and the perennial problems of the human mind are discussed so modestly, so solidly, and with such a deep and pathetic sincerity." The reviewer was George Santayana.

Debunking the Debunkers

THIS AGE OF FABLE. By Gustav Stolper. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE war will end in a peace, and the peace will consist of as much wisdom as the democratic victors—if they win—possess. Their wisdom will be measured by the popular understanding of the nature of the world, of its political structure, and of its economic realities. In the United States twenty years of writing and teaching have been devoted to an exposition of what was called the post-war world, an exposition which, as we now realize, was generally negative. Until the United States found itself again at war, a great number of persons described as intelligent were beset with deep doubts about Europe's war, about the future of capitalism, and about the validity of democratic principles as practiced in the United States and Great Britain. They had accepted concepts about the nature of war, about imperialism and collectivism, about spending and inflation, about planning and security which persist today as part of the fabric of public thinking. And as such they are likely to be woven into the peace.

It is appropriate, then, to examine these concepts and appraise them as suitable material for the building of a brave new world. They are, in the main, bitterly negative concepts in that they were adopted to take the place of discarded ideas, abandoned in disillusionment. The last twenty years have belonged to the debunkers. And the social philosophy of debunkers is not what one would turn to for construction and reconstruction after the world's greatest war.

So it is of great service to have someone debunk the debunkers, and in so doing to picture the world once more in perspective, with a line drawn between reality and illusion, hypothesis and fact. This Mr. Stolper has undertaken with clarity, vigor, and, all told, great persuasiveness. He was not thinking specifically of the peace to come. He wrote before America had the shock of finding itself in greater danger than the warning prophets had dared to say. But the value of his book is its contribution to the solution of the problems of this crisis.

Mr. Stolper is an unashamed protagonist of liberal capitalism and democracy. That is not to say his book is a defense of capitalist democracy as practiced since the last war. Mr. Stolper can thump the capitalists; many of the most tragic mistakes of the past generation have been committed by capitalists or the politicians of capitalist lands. He does not write in praise of capitalism as such. This is not a broadside

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of propaganda. It is a patient, lucid exposition of the chief fables of this age. Some of these fables are intricate and have been built up gradually. Being an economist, Mr. Stolper devotes much time to correcting popular misconceptions about economics, such as the fear of bankruptcy because of an increasing national debt; he explains the working of the gold standard, the realities of inflation and deflation. Then he gives the socialist planners a going-over. He analyzes the problem of poverty amidst plenty as it appears to his liberal-capitalist mind. He sternly rejects the concept of production-for-use as against production-for-profit, that prime comfort of most left-wingers. He is sure that full state control of major economic processes inevitably leads to dictatorship and the loss of individual freedom.

He takes up, too, the fables about Germany and Great Britain. His estimate of British progress in the period between the First and the Second World War will be read with some astonishment, and enormous profit, by many Americans, for this period of British development has had almost no exposition in this country. It may be bizarre that one of the best summaries of British development to appear in this country should be the product of a writer of German background. Mr. Stolper—and Mrs. Stolper, who had a share in this part of the work—sees Britain more clearly than most Americans because he is a European in culture and knows the magnitude of British achievements measured by European standards.

Here is a book that should be welcomed by anyone willing to put his concepts of the world to a sharp test. If he can come out of its cross-examination with his suppositions intact, he will be entitled to feel himself on solid ground. Not that everything Mr. Stolper says in arguing for liberal capitalism is puncture-proof; a writer who is answering bad reasoning is entitled to a few liberties of over- and understatement. But Mr. Stolper has made a notable contribution to the greatest social understanding there can be, the knowledge of the realities we have lived by and shall continue to live by.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

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INTRODUCING AUSTRALIA. By C. Hartley Grattan. The John Day Company. $3.

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Australia is much younger than European North America, and its physical conditions have enforced a development utterly unlike that of the United States. In area the two countries are almost equal, but the total population of the island continent is not much more than that of New York

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City—a fact which to Americans seems hardly credible. The vast northern and central spaces are almost uninhabitable. White settlement may never stretch far from the ocean, and there would seem to be no possibility of changing the extraordinary balance by which half the population is crowded into five large cities. The national community is in all respects unique. There is no parallel on earth to these basic realities. The Australians must tackle their problems with a minimum of help from the experience of other peoples.

Among all those problems Mr. Grattan moves easily and with ample knowledge. His chapters on economic resources, on production and trade, are lucid and admirably compressed. He describes the remarkable industrial expansion, especially in steel, since the First World War and gives a valuable summary of the facts as to Australia's present production for war. The people, of course, are completely united, and were so before the deadly menace of Japan appeared in its stark outlines. But, needless to say, war-time unity does not diminish the difficulties of Australian politics, which during the forty years of the federal commonwealth have displayed a queer complexity. Here is one democratic country where political parties are built upon the hardpan of vital interests, upon sharp conflict between the great cities and the "Outback," with a relatively large wage-earning population possessing an advanced trade-union system. Australia, like New Zealand, has established minimum standards and upheld them with marked success, and although Sydney and Melbourne reveal an astonishing tolerance of slum misery, the national minimum itself is unchallenged. There is no question in the English-speaking world more interesting than this—whether Australia will be able to continue along its present lines, and, perhaps above all, whether the grim issue of population will not compel a drastic change of policy as to immigration and everything else.

Mr. Grattan describes the setback to political Labor twenty years ago, and the recovery. He follows the career of the singular Welshman W. M. Hughes, active still, so long after the fall of Lloyd George, his crony at the Paris peace conference. Hughes insisted on Australian expansion over the islands—a policy possible only with United States backing. Mr. Grattan explains the turn of fortune by which Robert Menzies, a seemingly significant figure in 1940, lost the premiership after his resounding tour of England and America. (Not yet is it easy for a dominion statesman to find his place in the imperial scheme.) Mr. Grattan throughout is fair and animated, and frequently challenging. I cannot, for instance, accept his remark that Australia does not make the appeal of the exotic. For all English people, I should say, the fauna and flora are attractive because of exceeding strangeness, and the limitless "bush" seems to them the remote opposite of any European forest. Australians are irritated, and rightly so, by the pervasive references to early penal settlements, which by the way nobody recalls in relation to the American colonies. Two facts in this connection ought always to be stressed: first, that the settlement of that vast country—a heroic achievement—was influenced only to a limited extent by the imposition of penal institutions; and, second, that a large percentage of the men and women transported were not criminals but decent victims of an inhuman legal system.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Novel of Mexico

NAYAR. By Miguel Angel Menéndez. Translated from the Spanish by Angel Flores. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THERE could be no better introduction to "Nayar," the novel that received honorable mention in the recent Latin American prize contest, than the three documentary movies "The Wave," "Chico," and "The Forgotten Village." The landscape of Mexico, the types of Mexicans and Indians, and their customs, as revealed by the camera, can serve as a frame of reference when we enter Nayar.

The narrator of this story, Enrique Salerit, happens to be a government official working in the Treasury Department at San Blas, a deserted town on the western coast of Mexico. He establishes a firm friendship with Ramón Córdoba, a halfbreed, whom he accompanies on his hunting trips through the virgin forests of the nearby estuaries. Understanding the dismal compulsion that forced Ramón to kill the judge who dishonered his wife and then to burn his house, he flees with his friend into the jungle. They have many adventures among the salt workers in the region. But it is only when the two reach the Nayar Sierra that the novel reveals its depth. The regional nomenclature—María Jesús, Santa Teresa, San Francisco, San Juan de Peyotán, all hamlets in the neighborhood of Nayar indicated only on a very detailed map of Mexico—smacks of religion and Europe, but the reality behind defies both.

The Cora Indians, whom the fugitives reach in their fastnesses in the Sierra Madre, reluctantly tolerate them. Suspicion, resentment, and distrust separate Ramón and Enrique from these Indians. The Cristero rebellion is let loose in the meanwhile by the reactionaries; fire and rapine spread through the settlements. To make matters worse, the rainy season sets in, and the Cora Indians, in order not to be embroiled in the fighting, determine to maintain their furtive aloofness by abandoning their huts to hide from the storms of nature and of man in the innumerable mountain caves.

With the exception of their chieftain Gervasio, the Indians are haunted victims of ignorance, superstition, and magic. Against the storms the Elders seek help from their obsidian idol Tláloc. A ceaseless downpour rages on, destroying the crops, while the fifteen Elders in the cave adjure their god. Nothing can match Chapter 30 of this novel, which describes the ceremonies of propitiation in the cave as dimly perceived by Enrique, whose white skin excludes him from participation.

Calamities pursue the harassed Indians. Their food supply is destroyed; the enemy infest their land; the weather discourages them even more than their other misfortunes. So deeply ingrained is their resentment against whites and *mestizos* that reports that the triumphant government forces do not wish to harm them come as a surprise. As the besieging troubles of storm and rebellion subside, the inner savagery of the Cora Indians comes to the surface. Gervasio's wisdom and common sense are defeated in the council called to decide whether Uchunchu, the sorcerer, is to blame for the sterility of the soil and the sudden death of their animals. Once the death sentence is imposed on the self-confessed sorcerer, Ramón rises to uphold the simple notions of justice

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and right. "It may have been that in his blood rose the two immensities the halfbreed has to bear within, and from this clash issued the thunderbolt which unbalanced his thought." When the government troops arrive, it is too late to save Uchunchu, and Ramón also lies dead beside the hot ashes of the victim.

"Nayar" is derivative in more than one sense. For its theme and philosophy it goes to the indigenous *parti-pris* so widespread in contemporary Latin American literature. What startles the reader is to find the rhetorical and highly sophisticated devices developed in the twenties employed here in the presentation of a social problem. If the author's flamboyant style is inappropriate for action and conflict, it is most felicitous for the creation of moods.

M. J. BENARDETE

America, America!

THE MIND'S GEOGRAPHY. By George Zabriskie. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE POEM OF BUNKER HILL. By Harry Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

ONE poet is concerned with America simply because he was born and brought up here. He is not interested *qua* poet in ideas or his interior life or in culture or politics; so he writes about the scene. The second poet is in a hurry to be successful; if Americanism is the order of the day, then Americanism is his thing.

But Harry Brown is the victim instead of the exploiter of fashion, for fashion corrupts whatever native poetry he may have in him. "The Poem of Bunker Hill" tries to be an epic, a patriotic manifesto, and a properly modern poem all in one—which requires no small facility on the part of the poet. Brown has facility, indeed, but it does not extend to narrative verse. Technically, the best passages of his poem are the inspirational ones—which are coincidentally the falsest and most offensive. Nor can I deny Brown the ability to perpetrate howlers with a certain plausible finish. Read fast, he can get away with murder. The best part of the poem so far as I am concerned is the description of the actual business of the battle, since it gives information, and gives it with a directness that only a peculiar confusion of genres could permit. Brown has managed here to get the best, or the worst, out of both prose and verse. The latter's conventions relieve him of any trouble about his periods, while prose sanctions his neglect to keep some sort of beat or measure. But since prose is the lower common denominator, he would have done better for his reputation as a writer to have kept to it. For example, this is verse, but awful as verse or prose: "And then he smiled. But his smile was pitiful/ And injured and sad." This is not verse, but acceptable as prose: "And as they retreated the volleys of the Americans/ Grew less intense."

For the rest this poem is a passage of high-toned flag-waving, a shameless bid for applause, a dive into the swim, a well-timed jump upon the band-wagon, executed with pretension and chic. It is impossible today, and has been for a long time, to conceive of a historical event both important and simple enough for epic treatment. Brown is sensitive enough to suspect this but not wise enough to be convinced. He spends hyperbole and affects ignorance in the effort to convince himself as well as others that his theme does meet these requirements. Instead of elevating and simplifying his manner to fit the theme, he must inflate and oversimplify the theme to fit his manner, claiming for the American Revolution a content of such purity and historical force as can just barely be argued for Christianity. (It was all right —within limits—for certain modern poets to be simple-minded about the Socialist revolution, which has not yet happened; it is another thing to be that simple-minded, given the present state of the historical sciences, about something which has already happened.) To keep such a long narrative going in up-to-date verse, the poet pillages almost every notion, catchword, and device hallowed by the usage of the correct contemporary poets, and by Homer too; does it with an infallible instinct for the chichi that is nothing else but chichi.

There is History, for instance, which is derailed not once but a dozen times in this work. Prescott's men go "walking into History"; they approach a little hill "Where the course of History would begin to undergo/A revision not mentioned in the Sibylline Books"; and "A bud of History was about to burst into flower." Love too, which is beginning to share History's bull market among the younger poets, is pulled in by the feet like Hector's body and thrown on the daedal heap along with the despoiled corpses of Homer, Auden, and sundry others, for ". . . men had walked across the world and found a thing called Freedom,/Discov-

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ered a thing called Love. . . ." Love, that is, was discovered by Columbus along with America and syphilis. Poetry, like this is produced by a poet without modesty and without convictions. And we would disbelieve the importance of the creation of the world to hear it rehearsed in this idiom. "The Poem of Bunker Hill" is as spurious, flatulent, and vulgar as neo-Americanism itself. American patriotism—the real national kind, not the positive fear of Hitler—is dead, has already happened. As Marx says, the second time anything happens it comes as a bad joke.

George Zabriskie is a different story. The best of this first book of poems is descriptive, panoramic writing that effaces itself for the sake of the object or scene. It presents the dingy neighborhoods of tin-can-littered lots, the wide dull streets, the neat and airless suburban purlieus of the greater New Jersey that is the America most Americans know. Against this, the poet invokes the escaping railroads, Daniel Boone, and the frontier; he can only fall back on what excited his boyhood. This is slight, strictly minor poetry, of course, but I read it with more immediate pleasure than I have got from the work of better poets. The pleasure is in the smooth sliding numbers, Zabriskie's ease, his remarkable metrical skill, and the poise, unusual in such a young and provincial poet, which enables him to keep everything, even his faults and his influences, under control. There are faults, there are falsities, but never a false tone. This is Zabriskie at his best:

> Westward, the stinking marshlands green with spring,
> And east the Hudson, where the soiled gulls cry
> From docks; for here the ships come in from paradise
> And hell, the soiled waters lick the laden bottoms
> Of a busy world.

"From paradise and hell" is not so good, nor is the last half-line. But the effect of this poetry is not in detail or phrase, it is cumulative; it makes its point by insisting with sincerity and perfect tact.

But Zabriskie's ear is so careful and he has so much tact that he is in danger of having no style at all. His verse is too neutral and almost too transparent, lacking the momentum of a manner of its own to carry it over the inevitable voids. Realizing this, he sometimes tries to force a style in the "modern manner" by combining terse syntax with periphrastic diction:

> In your ears the ivory click of poised precise
> Synthetic spheres, the muttered curse and slight
> Laconic word . . .

(Note, incidentally, the duplicated enjambement and the repetition on the same beat of the adjectival "ic.") The pool-parlor resists the writer's poetic faculties. He cannot intensify what he feels about it into poetry without recourse to artificial means; he strains after a pregnancy of statement where there is nothing to be pregnant with. (And "muttered curse" is a cliché.) This all relates itself to Zabriskie's most serious defect—thinness of feeling or the inability to touch it. When Zabriskie attempts to evoke more than the immediate scene he falls into air, launches himself on big but used-up words like "torrential" and "shattering" in the effort to approximate emotions he may feel but does not yet possess for poetry. Zabriskie is a recorder, not a maker. But to be a poet is to make. Such skill and tact as his argue a genuine vocation for poetry, but they are not enough. They do not promise enough by themselves. The poet also needs culture. He must leave New Jersey.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Nazi Economics

THE NEW ECONOMIC WARFARE. By Antonin Basch. Columbia University Press. $1.75.

HITLER'S COUNTERFEIT REICH. By Karl Robert. Alliance Book Corporation. $1.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE NAZI ECONOMY. By Maxine Y. Sweezy. Harvard University Press. $3.

OF THESE three additions to the avalanche of books on the Nazis and the Third Reich, Dr. Basch's study is by far the most important contribution. The title of his study is misleading, for Dr. Basch has covered ground going well beyond that of economic warfare proper. In fact, this publication of a series of lectures delivered recently at Columbia University represents an excellent introduction to the entire subject of war economics. The topics treated range from the Nazi technique of peaceful economic penetration to the problems arising from the shift of the economic system from a war-time to a peace-time basis. The experience of Europe, especially of Germany and Great Britain, in preparing for war is described in a manner which permits the reader to draw clear-cut conclusions about the vast efforts that are still called for from the United States. Dr. Basch does not provide any soothing words for those addicted to the business-as-usual mentality. He explodes the fallacies on which this mentality is based just as ruthlessly as he lays bare the hollowness of various assertions about the imminent collapse of Germany through economic or financial causes.

The pseudonymous author of "Hitler's Counterfeit Reich" was apparently the economic mentor of American correspondents stationed in Vienna. His little book is essentially a collection of outbursts and exhortations against the Nazis and their tricks, and does not offer anything new either in facts or in interpretation.

In "The Structure of the Nazi Economy" Maxine Y. Sweezy has attempted to provide a comprehensive picture of the Nazi economy at work. The actual achievement, however, falls far short of the aim in three respects. First, the exposition is too heavy-going for the non-professional public Secondly, Dr. Sweezy goes over much ground that has already been covered at least as competently by other authors, notably by R. H. Brady in "The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism" and by G. W. Guilleband in "The Economic Recovery of Germany, 1933-1938." Her distinct contribution is limited to two chapters dealing with German corporation profits and the distribution of German national income. Finally, Dr. Sweezy's interpretation of the economic development of the Third Reich suffers from leaning too heavily on the point of view of the German Social Democrats. The latter regard the Nazi economic system largely as a scheme devised for the protection of the capitalist system.

THOMAS REVEILLE

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IN BRIEF

GENESEE FEVER. By Carl Carmer. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Mr. Carmer has real feeling for the Genesee country, and as long as he sticks to the landscape or to his historical sources he writes an interesting tale of the settlement of upstate New York in the early 1790's. But when he departs from his sources, and when the lights of the landscape are out, the characters are revealed as concoctions of arrant bookishness. His females, arch, pliant, and very pulpy, deserve no better fate than this description by one of the men in whose love they are framed: "Her even teeth were a white gleam in the gold-brown of her long face."

DRAGON'S TEETH. By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press. $3.

The sequel to "World's End" and "Between Two Worlds" carries Lanny Budd and his family through the years from 1929 to 1934 and involves them, of course, in the blood-curdling events accompanying Hitler's rise to supreme power in Germany. The incomparable Lanny meets the Führer, Göring, and Goebbels, has further dealings with Sir Basil Zaharoff, pursues his researches into the nature of the spirit world, and culminates a busy five years by intriguing for the release of a Jewish prisoner from Dachau. Once again Mr. Sinclair has endowed a novel with the irresistible attraction of a living newspaper, a fictionized "Berlin Diary," and admirers of the first two books in the series will certainly want to follow their hero through his new adventures; but the writing seems less skilful, more hurried, than that of "Between Two Worlds"—as if the pell-mell rush of events in the past few months had driven the author to finish this book under forced draft for fear it might sound ancient before it left the press.

DAKAR: OUTPOST OF TWO HEMISPHERES. By Emil Lengyel. Random House. $2.

This timely historical, geographical, and political survey by the author of "The Danube" and "Turkey" is said to be the only comprehensive book on Dakar in any language. It is also concise and illuminating. Considered in its relation to French West Africa, the Atlantic islands, and Brazil, Dakar is shown to be of absolutely vital importance to the United States. At this juncture in history the general reader anxious to understand our world situation will find Mr. Lengyel's new book as interesting as its predecessors and very important. The end-paper maps are extremely useful.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

The Dry Season. By Malcolm Cowley. New Directions. $1.

Ireland, Past and Present. By Tom Ireland. Putnam's. $5.

Conversation in London Between Stephan Laird and Walter Graebner. Morrow. $1.50.

Outline of Zionist History. By Lotta Levensohn. Scopus. $1.50.

Vitamins and Minerals for Everyone. By Alida Frances Pattee. Putnam's. $2.

We're the People. By Irene Paull. Midwest Labor. Cloth, 50 cents. Paper, $1.

Poems from the Book of Hours ("Das Stundenbuch"). By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by Babette Deutsch. New Directions. $1.

Our Landed Heritage: The Public Domain 1776-1936. By Roy M. Robbins. Princeton. $5.

Radio Goes to War. By Charles J. Rolo. Putnam's. $2.75.

Netherlands Overseas Territories. Information Department Papers, No. 28. Royal Institute of International Affairs. Oxford. 75 cents.

Some Historians of Modern Europe. Edited by Bernadotte E. Schmitt. Chicago. $5.

A Shortened History of England. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

China Builds for Democracy: A Story of Cooperative Industry. By Nym Wales. Modern Age. $2.50.

Land, Labor, and Wealth: A Handbook of Ecomomic Terms. Compiled by Ellen Winsor Evans. Caxton. $2.

DRAMA

Old Man of the Tribe

THERE is a theory—widely held by those who go in for theory-holding—that the greatest and most popular plays are those in which papa, or someone in papa's shoes, finally gets it in the neck. This is supposed to account for the enduring charm of such plays as "Hamlet" and the Agamemnon trilogy, to say nothing of many modern works, including "The Playboy of the Western World" and "Desire Under the Elms." The explanation is, of course, that all men hate their fathers; and a very good explanation that doubtless is, though I must confess that I have always been troubled by one thing: how is it that members of the female sex, who are supposed to love their fathers and hate their mothers, manage to endure such plays, and why don't they demand an equal number of purges adapted to their own particular spiritual complaint? Can it be merely because men have done most of the writing in the past; and will the time come when the Old Woman of the Tribe is as popular a victim as the Old Man?

In any event Freud's theory may throw some light on the bright prospects for the Theater Guild's new comedy "Papa Is All" (Guild Theater). Of course the fact that the performance is rather unusually good and that the writing and production skilfully impart a slick theatrical finish to what might otherwise have been a piece a bit too folksy for current Broadway taste may have something to do with it also. But at least there is no missing the fact that the pattern could not be more unmistakably clear if it had been devised by a psychoanalyst for therapeutic purposes. Papa is as unmitigated a nuisance as he ever seemed to any son, and papa is neatly disposed of by the son himself.

The scene is near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the characters are "Pennsylvania Dutch," and the particular household chosen is one of those least touched by modern life because presided over by a patriarch who "doesn't hold" with any new-fangled notions or new-fangled machines—especially if they tend to make it any harder to keep an eye on his wife, his daughter, or his son. Patterson Green, the author, is said to be an outlander who resided briefly in the region he has made his setting, and I am certainly not prepared to say how accurate or how searching his presentation may be, but at least he has got enough of the language and the characters for light theatrical purposes. Too earnest students of folklore have a way of writing plays incomprehensible without footnotes and of getting dialect so confoundedly accurate that any audience not composed exclusively of philologists has a hard time finding out what the personages are talking about. Mr. Green writes a dialogue easy to understand but full of quaintly amusing words and delightfully surprising syntax, and he has also caught something else which supplies rich humor—namely, that practical realism in matters amorous as well as material which seems so often characteristic of those with a rigid code of conduct. "Papa Is All" means, by the way, "all in," or in other words, dead.

The plot is rather ingenious, even though it has its relation to Synge's "Playboy," and it is provided with a

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sufficient number of surprises at the proper points to keep the action in lively movement. Obviously they mustn't be given away, but it can do no harm to say that Papa is so plainly no good to anybody that no one in either the play or the audience has occasion for anything except unmixed gratification when his son, a budding mechanical genius little likely to realize himself in a family where the devil is regarded as the patron of mechanics, seizes a God-sent opportunity to crack the old man over the head with a monkey wrench and to stow him away in a coal car bound for parts unknown. The performance, as I have already said, is rather conspicuously smooth and brisk. Carl Benton Reid plays the father well but as a somewhat conventional "heavy." Celestine Holm and Emmett Rogers act, respectively, the daughter and the son also well, though in a similarly "straight" fashion; and I should say that the acting honors go to the more colorful performances of Jessie Royce Landis and Dorothy Sands. Miss Landis, a very competent actress who deserves much better opportunities than she has had recently, gives very rich though quiet humor to the part of the mild wife with more spirit than one would give her credit for, and Miss Sands is extremely good as the talkative neighbor who spills the beans while trying to assure everybody that she won't.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WOODROW WILSON'S epic struggle for a just peace based on the League of Nations is a weighty theme for a play; it could easily bog down even a notable effort. But Howard Koch and John Huston had enough courage to tackle it, and the result, "In Time to Come," justifies their endeavors. And the theatergoer who, in his turn, musters enough pluck to spend an evening on so elevated a plane will be rewarded. "In Time to Come" is a first-rate play. More than a chronicle, it is a study, even a penetrating study, of Wilson the man. Both his fatal weaknesses and his great qualities are part of the complex personality which unfolds itself at the Mansfield Theater. As the play progresses, one has increasingly the feeling that Wilson's passionate identification with the cause for which he is fighting, because it makes him unable to meet cynical political maneuvering, first dooms the cause and then dooms him because the cause is doomed. This, rather than Wilson's failure to win support, is the essential tragedy of the play. Richard Gaines plays the role of Woodrow Wilson with a real sense of its tragic implications.

M. K. C.

MUSIC

TWO readers have objected to my high estimate of Virgil Thomson's music criticism. They are New York Philharmonic subscribers who have been tearing up their tickets for the Mitropoulos programs of contemporary music which Mr. Thomson has been urging on the Philharmonic directors as the only thing that will give their orchestra a secure place in the intellectual life of the city and nation. And when Mr. Thomson tells these readers that the music of 150 years ago which they are deeply affected by is really as incomprehensible to them as the painting and literature of the past because it was produced by men "whose modes of thought and attitudes of passion were . . . different from ours," and that they can really understand only the contemporary music which they dislike, since it is the product of the processes of thought and feeling of their own time—when Mr. Thomson does this, he drives these two readers to a violent denunciation of writing in which they insist he has his eye not on his subject but on the audience which he wants to impress and shock with his cleverness, his perversity, his daring. And from this they go on to the other things which they claim to detect in the writing—the special pleading for causes in which he is not disinterested, the personal friendships and animosities, and other such motivations.

These readers attack in Mr. Thomson the things which deflect or corrupt a critic's judgment; what I value is his judgment when it is not deflected or corrupted. That is the distinction one has to make constantly. The late William J. Henderson wrote about Walter Damrosch with loyalty to a friend; he wrote about Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic with an old man's crotchety notion about prima donna conductors; but at other times his competence, honesty, and vigor produced some of the best writing on music of his day. Today Mr. Thomson may evaluate a book with graciousness to a fellow-member of his Critics' Circle; or as a composer he may tell the New York Philharmonic directors that the only way to give their orchestra a place in the life of the American public is to have it embark on a five-year devotion to the music of contemporary composers, which I suspect would leave the orchestra without an audience after one year; but about music and performances he often writes with exciting penetration (often, I say, not always).

Whenever I write anything of this sort there is someone who asks: "Isn't it the business of a music critic to criticize music? Why, then, do you criticize criticism and critics? Why do you, when other critics don't?" It is true that the others don't; and this has given people the idea that no critic should. But many years ago Bernard Shaw, who wrote some of the finest music criticism I have ever read, observed that "musical criticisms, like sermons, are of low average quality simply because they are never discussed or contradicted," and advocated the formation of "a Vigilance Committee of musicians for the exposure of incompetent critics." He did this because he considered good criticism important; and good criticism was important for him because music was important. And those are my reasons—for reading criticism, for being concerned about it, for getting enthusiastic about Shaw, Tovey, Turner, even Thomson, for getting angry about some of the others.

Shaw not only believed that criticism should be discussed, but himself acted on his belief; and scattered through the brilliant volumes of "Music in London 1888-1889" and "Music in London 1890-1894" are paragraphs on the subject that are pertinent to the criticism of today. Thus, the proposal to form a critics' club elicited the statement that "clearly a critic should not belong to a club at all. He should not know anybody: his hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against his." And explaining why one of the London critics was disliked and attacked by the others, he wrote:

> He has the force to write individually, originally, making his mark with every opinion he delivers. Of how many critics in London is it possible to say as much? When one thinks of the average critic, with his feeble infusion of musical dictionary and analytical program, the man who has no opinion, and dare not express it if he had, who is afraid of his friends, his enemies, of his editor, of his own ignorance, of committing an injustice (as if there were any question of abstract justice involved in the expression of a critic's tastes and distastes), it is impossible not to admire L. E., who, at an age at which all ordinary journalists are hopelessly muzzled by the mere mass of their personal acquaintance, can still excite these wild animosities in the breasts of his colleagues.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

"By Their Fruits . . ."

Dear Sirs: I celebrated New Year's Day by reading Miss Adams's review of Dr. Zilboorg's book in the December 27 issue of *The Nation.*

I feel chagrined about this review because I think it puts *The Nation* in a somewhat absurd position, even though I know you are not responsible for the opinions of your reviewers. I do not know Miss Adams, and perhaps it is not presumptuous for her to be so opinionated regarding a field of science that is rather highly specialized. But on the face of it, her strictures represent a reactionary position and spirit which are entirely incompatible with the ideals of your journal. To defend the racial-purity theory of Hitler or to criticize an author for not adhering to it would be precisely parallel to the position taken by Miss Adams. For her to sneer at Zilboorg and that which Dr. Zilboorg represents—namely, the psychoanalytic developments in science—is not only unbecoming but, in my opinion, anachronistic.

Furthermore, her review is full of misstatements. Dr. Zilboorg does not belong to "a school of psychiatry"; he in no way indicates that he believes that one school is the "only possible scientific one"; he is not "forced to defend Mesmerism"—which is now a universally acknowledged piece of reality and a widely used technique which poor Miss Adams evidently does not know; Dr. Zilboorg's statement that the discovery of a specific cause of syphilis was a step backward for psychopathology is not at all astonishing but quite well known; Miss Adams's fine writing about "the patient men working" in laboratories does not contradict the fact that many other patient men work in psychological clinics and use hypnosis, psychonanalysis, and other psychological techniques with the same hopes that her sentimentally portrayed laboratory men have; it is a canard to say that Dr. Zilboorg classifies laboratory workers with witch-burners. What peculiar personal experiences and attitudes have led Miss Adams to her emotionally charged "review" I, of course, have no idea, but I do think it is unfortunate that so important a book about so important a subject should have been so poorly represented in your pages.

It is perfectly true that psychoanalysis is not understood by a good many scientists, including a few psychiatrists, and that these few psychiatrists, some of them very emphatically, voice their objections. It is also true that some psychoanalysts either by bad manners or ill-chosen exhibitions give the reactionaries plenty of ammunition. But these things no more invalidate psychoanalysis than the behavior of some Americans and the arguments of some totalitarians invalidate the principles of democracy. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The spirit of Grace Adams's review would burn witches, say what she likes in defense of it. KARL MENNINGER

Topeka, Kan., January 8

Why Is There No Plan?

Dear Sirs: I quite agree with Mrs. Reyher's criticism of Louis Adamic's "Two-Way Passage" in your issue of December 20. But she spoiled the pungent taste of her little article by ending it with a rather sweeping flourish: ". . . the blueprint itself [of a democratic federated United States of Europe] may be regarded as a little naive and amateurish by the professional architects."

I am tremendously curious to know who are these mysterious "professional architects." And how does it happen that in spite of their feverish activities before and since the League of Nations, and in spite of scores of millions of dollars donated by Carnegie, Rockefeller, and other gullible Americans, there is not even a vague outline of a practical and acceptable plan for the world order? ELY CULBERTSON

New York, January 7

No Third World War!

Dear Sirs: On the day that the United States declared itself officially at war President Roosevelt stated that "we will not only defend ourselves to the utmost, but will make very certain that this form of treachery shall never endanger us again."

On the evening of our declaration of war fifteen leading Chicago organizations sponsored a meeting at Orchestra Hall in this city in order publicly to vow that this purpose shall be fulfilled. These organizations were the Committee to Defend America; Fight for Freedom, Inc.; the Keep America Out of War Congress; the Fellowship of Reconciliation; International House; the Chicago Church Federation; the Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago; the Chicago Rabbinical Association; the Cook County League of Women Voters; Federal Union, Inc.; the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; the Campaign for World Government; the League of Nations Association, Midwest Office; the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, Midwest Office; the World Citizens Association, Chicago Group. The chairman of the meeting was George V. Denny, president of Town Hall, Inc. The fifteen sponsoring organizations had taken divergent stands on the war issue, and one of them went out of existence on the day the meeting was held. They represented hundreds of thousands of Midwesterners.

The meeting adopted unanimously a resolution which may do its part to prevent a third World War. It reads:

> At this time, when thoughts are centered on the war, we recognize that it is also important to plan for winning the peace.
>
> We, as Americans experienced in the progress of justice, stability, and security through the democratic federation of states, aware of the economic interdependence of the peoples of the world, convinced of the impossibility of attaining a just and lasting peace under the anarchy which is inevitable in the absence of appropriate institutions of international governments, in order to promote international and national welfare, which we deem to be one, request the President and the Congress of the United States immediately to establish a commission to study the improvements in world organization necessary to provide security to nations and freedom to men, as stated in the sixth article of the Roosevelt-Churchill declaration of August 14, 1941.

JOHN R. VAN DE WATER,
General Chairman
Forum on World Organization

Chicago, December 26

An Immense Change

(Excerpts from a letter recently received from London)

. . . Things have been quiet here for three months. But we are not giving up precautions of any kind. I personally

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am absorbed in fire-fighting, and if you were sufficiently unconscious and unable to protest, I could bump you downstairs and save your life, if not your bruises. We learn to deal with smoke and to use pumps and to suspect upholstered armchairs. Yesterday we were thrilled to the marrow to lie in a puddle while directing water upon a burning room—fortunately only a practice one. It is like going back to childhood's adventurous games and even more exciting.

Food is extremely well managed here. If we never have less than at present, we may count ourselves lucky. Now that rationing has been extended to subsidiary things—not all, of course—there is a much more even distribution and not such a struggle to get things. Where they are not rationed, the shop-crawlers—people with time—of course get the best of it. I don't think anybody can complain that they don't get enough, and, personally, I should stop all extra parcels, kind as you all are about that. They take up shipping space and are luxuries we could go without.

I don't think the next six months will be easy, but you have only to look back over a year to see the immense change in the situation. I always felt Russia might easily have come in against us, and while I can't admire sufficiently its bravery and stubbornness, I feel that the help to us is something to be thankful for, but not to be overwhelmed by. We have a common cause at present; that is all. This is not to say that I am anti-Russian; very far from it, and I think we have been immensely stupid about it hitherto. But Russia has been difficult, too, and I feel that while it has made immense progress, it has mounted from a much lower level than many other nations, and it is rather stupid of enthusiasts to regard it as in the forefront of civilization. Some of our people hold up Russian housing as an example. I don't think ours is very good, but it seems to be the common thing for people to live four in a room in Moscow. And that isn't the case here, with a few horrible exceptions, which are regarded as horrible and not as a commonplace.

MURIEL HARRIS

Collecting Scrap Is Fun

Dear Sirs: In view of Keith Hutchison's article in *The Nation* of December 27 entitled From Scrap to Tanks and dealing with our government's need for scrap metal, it may interest you to hear of a project carried on during the Christmas vacation by some of our second-year-high-school boys and girls.

These youngsters were very eager to do something concrete and helpful in the present situation and therefore decided to see how much old metal they could collect during the holidays. They telephoned a great many persons in the vicinity and classified those who responded favorably according to their geographical location. Then on Saturday afternoon, January 3, one of our parents borrowed a truck and drove out to collect, with four of the boys along to help. The excitement when we found a beautiful heavy winch or a completely broken down but very metalliferous boiler was worth the trouble and hard work of hauling.

To our great surprise we collected four truckloads of metal in one afternoon, and we have only begun our researches in this community. One of our local contractors says that when we feel we are ready, he will send us a junk man, arrange a price with him before he sees the metal, and have the weight checked for us on a local coal dealer's scales.

In addition to telephoning, many of the youngsters went scouting to outlying farmers who perhaps had no telephone, and to rubbish heaps, which suddenly take on a strange desirability.

Here, I feel, is a real contribution that young people of high-school age all over the country can make.

FRANCIS H. ELWYN,
Chairman of the Staff,
Hessian Hills School
Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., January 9

"God Help the Nation . . ."

Dear Sirs: For the last two years I have not liked *The Nation*—it wasn't the good old fighting *Nation* that I had known for so many years.

But finally I found once more something in *The Nation* that was like the old one. That was Jonathan Daniels's article on the Negro firemen in the issue of November 22. If ever there was a blot upon our country it is the Negro problem. You that live close to it, where you see many Negroes all the time, cannot sense the injustice as we Westerners do when we go back East. We have two Negroes in our whole county, a county that is as large as Rhode Island; can you imagine the impact of the Negro question on me when we traveled leisurely from here through the East and South? God help the nation that lets this evil thing fester—at least the President could appoint one of his many fact-finding committees.

EMILY H. LOTT

Buffalo, Wyo., December 27

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